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THE TYROL;

WITH

A GLANCE AT BAVARIA.

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BY

HENRY D. INGLIS,

AUTHOR OF "SPAIN IN 1830," &c.

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THE TYROL;

WITH

A GLANCE AT BAVARIA.

CHAPTER I.

JOURNEY TO STRASBURG.

The old and new divisions of France; the Province of Champagne; Traits of Character; Nancy,—effects of field labour; French Comedy,—Alsasce.

To reach the Tyrol, by way of Bavaria, one must either cross France,—or, taking the road through the Netherlands, ascend the Rhine, to Strasburg. I preferred the former of these routes, —chiefly, because the French Provinces of Champagne, Lorrain, and Alsasce, although abounding

less in natural beauty than the banks of the Rhine, yet possess higher claims upon the notice of the Traveller who is desirous of avoiding as much as possible, those roads which are the most frequented. To act rigidly upon this maxim, will not however, be always wisdom in the Traveller,—because it is often precisely in those places which are the most frequented, that he will find the most to admire; but if an acquaintance with the character and manners of a people, enter into the objects of a journey, there can be no doubt, that these will be more fully attained by shunning rather than by following the beaten path. These observations are scarcely, if at all, applicable to France,—because there is no part of that country, in which a traveller can hope to find himself the only observer: it is possible however, even in France, to make a better, or a worse choice of a route,—and in the belief that mine was chosen well, I stepped upon the pier at Dieppe, on my way to the Tyrol.

In speaking of the general aspect of France, it has been usual to call it uniform and monoto-

nous; wide plains, uninclosed lands, and straight roads, are said by Travellers, to be its distinguishing characteristic: but for my part, I have not found any reason to coincide in this opinion. The scenery of France, cannot any more than that of other countries, be described in two words. That uniformity, and monotony, interpret the character of a part of France, is indeed true; but it is equally true, that within its boundaries, is to be found, almost every variety in scenery, that distinguishes the other European countries. Normandy, Champagne and Alsasce, are as essentially distinct in their aspect, as Hertfordshire, Derbyshire, and Lincoln,—and surely no general term could be found to describe the scenery of these three counties. How is it possible, that a Province which is one great orchard, as Normandy is,—that another, one of the great granaries and vineyards of France, as Champagne,—and a third, where may be seen every production that supplies either the wants or the luxuries of mankind, as Alsasce,—should admit one general term as characteristic of the aspect of all three.

When I think of France, whether while sitting by my fire-side at home, or while travelling through it, I cannot bring myself to admit the new nomenclature by which its divisions have been distinguished since the revolution: It is only within France herself, that the division into departments is recognized. In the mind of every one else, France is still divided into Provinces. It is with the old division, that our historic recollections are associated; it is with the Provinces, that our early impressions of France, are allied: we may pass from the department of the low to that of the high Seine,—but we are only conscious of travelling through Normandy,—we may breakfast in the department of the Eastern Pyrennees, and sup in the department of the high Pyrennees,—but we know only that we are travelling through the province of Gascogny. With Lorraine and Burgundy, and Champagne,—with Dauphiny, and Provence, and Languedoc, we have separate associations and recollections, that cannot be effaced by the decree that has obliterated their names: the former, are rich in historic in-

terest,—the latter, in legend and romance; and the ordonance that should have attempted to sweep the name of France from the map of the world, would have been scarcely less impotent than that which has decreed the annihilation of the ancient provinces.

In travelling through the great plain of Champagne, the Traveller sees nothing that serves to connect that Province with the wines of which he has heard so much: plains, unless in hot countries, produce but indifferent wine,—but at Chalons, if he pleases to partake of a dejeuné à la fourchette, he may command for the small sum of eight pence, a bottle of as choice Champagne as would cost six shillings in the French Metropolis. This is the only thing that can recommend Chalons to the Traveller's notice,—the vine that produces the celebrated Champagne, grows on the small rocky eminences that lie towards the frontier of the Province.

In travelling by the diligence from Paris to Nancy, I could not but observe how little French character has been changed by the events that

have occurred since the days of Sterne; The postilion that drove us into Bar-le-Duc was another Le Fleur; his air, his dress, his bouquet, his smart cap, and snow white linen, could not, in that rank of life, have belonged to any other than a Frenchman; and the lives of the Travellers were in danger of being sacrificed to his impatience to reach his destination, that he might return home in time to dance at a fête du village.

No set of men can differ from each other, more widely, than the postilions and conductors of the French diligences, and the drivers and guards of the English Coaches. They are all men of importance in their own estimation,—but they show their sense of it, in a different way. The English coachman is taciturn, and grave,—and shows the responsibility of his mission, in the perfect mastery he displays in the discharge of his duties; the French postilion on the other hand, seems to be less desirous of securing the good opinion of the passengers, than of exacting the applause of those who inhabit the villages on the road; his entrance into every hamlet, is announced by the cracks of

his whip ; for every man he meets, he has a flourish of his instrument of office,—for every girl, a nod and a smile; and the salutations which he receives, are accepted and returned with that air, which shows, that he considers them due to the important situation which he holds. In the conversation too, which takes place between the postilion and the guard of a French Diligence, there is a vivid illustration of the character of the people ; for, while in England, the conversation of these persons relates exclusively to horses, coaches, coach proprietors, fellow-servants, and all that concerns the business in which they are engaged, —in France, it takes entirely another turn : village feasts, little affairs of gallantry, the theatre, and all that relates to amusement, are the topics which form the subject of discourse.

The only town between Paris and Nancy in which there is any thing to attract the attention of the Traveller, is Bar-le-Duc : its situation is romantic,—and its environs have been greatly embellished by Marshal Oudinot, who is the chief proprietor in the neighbourhood, and who pos-

sesses one chateau within the town, and another about three leagues distant from it. It is at Bar-le-Duc also, where grows the Vin-de-Bar,—a wine not much known in England, but which is in considerable estimation in France,—the steeps on every side of the town, are covered with the vine which produces it; it is rose coloured,—pleasant in flavour,—and sells at about eight sous per bottle.

I should certainly hesitate to say, that the French are a more industrious people than the English; and yet, it must be admitted, that they commence the labours of the day at an earlier hour; for while in an English town, there is scarcely any appearance of activity before seven o'clock, most of the French towns present the aspect of business at least an hour earlier. In Chalons, which I reached a little before six, I observed most of the shops open,—the window shutters generally thrown back; and the inhabitants already entered upon the business of the day.

Nothing I am inclined to think, will strike the English Traveller through the French Eastern

Provinces more forcibly, than the difference in the external appearance of the French and the English country women,—I mean, both in features and in dress. I say without any hesitation, that a fine countenance is a rarity among the French country girls; and that although there is something very charming in the pictures and prints we have all seen, of the fêtes du village, and in the portraits of the village-belles with sylph-like forms, who are represented as gracing these rustic assemblies, an actual visit to a few of these scenes will quickly dissipate the romance.

The children of the French peasantry are quite as beautiful as those we meet with in England; but from childhood upwards, there is a manifest inferiority,—nor is this difficult to account for: the secret is, that beauty is destroyed by out-door labour; throughout almost every part of France, it is universal custom for women to work in the fields,—and this, from the moment their labour is of any value; symetry of form is thus destroyed; the sun soon steals the complexion, and robs the skin of its freshness and polish; and the fea-

tures of the countenance even, are in some degree changed by the exertion of manual labour. It is this practice also, that gives to the French villages so sombre an appearance; few doors are open,—few children are playing in the street; there is scarcely a sound either of persons talking, or of children screaming; every one is in the fields. This custom, even were it congenial with English feeling, could not be adopted in England, because there, the labourer's wife finds sufficient to occupy her at home: her house and furniture must be kept clean,—her cooking must be attended to, and the implements used in it, washed, and laid aside; and above all, she has her husband's, her children's, and her own clothes to mend and wash. But these occupations, which employ almost the whole time of a labourer's wife in England, demand the sacrifice of but a very small part from the wife of a French labourer. In the house of a French peasant, there is scarcely any furniture,—bread, wine, and a few vegetables, form the diet of the family, and require no cooking,—and although even the wife of a French peasant, is not

exempt from that love of finery which is characteristic of the nation,—yet, it consists in those things which require little time in preparation; a knot of gaudy ribbands,—a laced boddice, some gilt tinsel, and a few strings of beads, are always ready for a jour de fête, which, being a day dedicated to amusement, leaves ample time for the toilette.

In travelling through France, we cease to feel any surprise at the preference shewn by every Frenchman for Paris, as a place of residence. Exclude Lyons, Bourdeaux, Marseilles, Thoulouse, and perhaps Rouen, and Nancy, from the list of French towns, and there is scarcely one, of which we might say in passing through "This is a town I could live in." The gentry who do not live in Paris, or in the few first rate towns, inhabit their maisons de Campagne, which are either entirely apart, or are situated near some small village,—but scarcely any of the gentry live in towns of the fourth fifth and sixth rate order: in these, are to be found neither society nor amusements of any kind; there are in fact, no towns in

France which may be likened to our county towns, and provincial cities: there are no Yorks, Leicesters, Chesters, Maidstones, Canterburys, Herefords, Derbys, &c., so that unless a Frenchman be an inhabitant of one or other of the first rate towns, he has no resource but in Paris, where alone, he thinks it possible for a man to spend his days,—and if a country life be excluded, he is perhaps in the right.

The moment we leave Champagne, and enter upon Lorraine, the landscape presents new features. The country swells from the plain, into soft undulations, and gradually rises into the picturesque; vines mingle with the crops of grain, and cover the sides of every eminence,—and before reaching Nancy, the road passes through several of the great Royal forests that stretch through Lorraine.

I have spoken of Nancy, as one of the few towns in France where society and amusement may be found; it is called in Lorraine, Le Petit Paris, and it is perhaps deserving of the appellation. Situated between two and three hundred

miles from Paris, and with no town of the smallest importance lying betwixt it and the Metropolis, Nancy is the little capital of Eastern France, as Exeter may be said to be of Western England. From the moment you enter Lorrain, you hear Nancy mentioned by every one in terms of rapture,—" Have you been at Nancy?" " Are you going to Nancy?" are the questions invariably put by every Stranger;—and " c'est une belle ville," " c'est une ville charmante," are the panegyrics that immediately follow. I could not therefore but feel some little excitement in approaching Nancy; and the entrance to it, is not calculated to disappoint the expectations that may have been formed.

Nancy is indeed a beautiful town; the great square in the centre of the town, is not inferior in architecture, to the Place Louis XV. at Paris,—and from this square, diverge four wide and well built streets at right angles, terminating in handsome gates that separate the town from the suburbs: many magnificent fountains adorn the great square,—and there is altogether, about

Nancy, an air of grandeur, that is scarcely ever found excepting in a Metropolis. One of the chief attractions of Nancy, is the public garden, which is equally remarkable for its great extent, as for the excellent taste with which it is laid out. I have seldom heard a fuller chorus of Nightingales than that which filled the groves of this garden.

Nancy is considered one of the cheapest places of residence in France, and I found that several English families had discovered this, and were domiciled in its neighbourhood. I had no opportunity of ascertaining the rent of houses,—but I enquired the prices of several articles of provision, with which the markets seemed to be very abundantly supplied. Meat sold at 4d. and 4½d. per lb. a couple of small fowls cost 1s. 4d.; and vegetables were in great quantities, and low priced; an immense quantity of curd was exposed for sale, a commodity which is used in the town and neighbourhood, as a substitute for butter—a wretchedly bad one in my opinion.

Nancy possesses a good theatre, and can usually

boast of an excellent company of Comedians, whose performance I took the opportunity of witnessing, the evening before I left the town. Upon returning to the Hotel, I soon found myself engaged in a warm controversy upon the subject of the Drama, particularly with reference to the French School, which was upheld by my adversary, as the ne plus ultra of excellence.

It is somewhat curious, that however willing different nations may be, to concede the palm to each other, in some departments of letters, each seems disposed to uphold the perfection of its own Drama; and few disputes in matters of literature have been carried higher, than that which relates to the comparative merits of the Dramas of France and England. We, who are accustomed to see upon the English stage, the high and the low mingled together, and to hear the vulgar, express the thoughts, and speak the language of the vulgar, feel it to be a departure from nature, when upon the French stage, we find from the beginning to the end of a Drama, nothing but elevated thoughts and fine diction. The French, on the

other hand, whose Drama may be called the legitimate child of antiquity, look upon the Drama of England to be the offspring of a barbarous taste; and in all disputes upon the subject, they refer to those models upon which their Drama is founded. But without disputing the excellence of those models, it may fairly be made a question, whether any modern nation has done well in adopting them; for however excellent may be the models left to us by the ancients, in many departments of letters, it may be doubted whether the Drama ought not to be made an exception, when we speak with reference to modern imitation. The Drama, which is a representation of life, ought in every country to be a national literature,—expressive of the character and manners of the people among whom it is found, nor altogether forgetful of their history; and if this view be correct, there is an absurdity in adopting as a model, a Drama that existed two thousand years ago, among those whose habits, character, religion, Government, prejudices, were entirely opposed to the genius of our own time; nay even, whose very virtues and

vices, were judged by a standard unintelligible to us. But this digression is perhaps scarcely permissible,—and I therefore hasten upon my journey.

A little more than half-way between Nancy and Strasburg, the Traveller enters Alsasce, which I look upon to be one of the most charming of the French Provinces. Partly a grain and partly a wine country,—finely diversified with wood, and broken into eminences, which sometimes assume the importance of hills, Alsasce is an agreeable country to journey through :—after passing the town of Sauverne, the country becomes in the utmost degree picturesque, and whenever you reach an eminence, a charming back ground is presented in the mountains of the Vosges, a range of hills separating Alsasce from Burgundy and Franche Compté—now forming a department in themselves,—and interesting, alike from the beauty of their scenery, and from the manners of those who inhabit them.

CHAPTER II.

STRASBURG, AND THE VOSGES MOUNTAINS.

The Rhine,—Baden and Kell; the steeple of Strasburg; curious fact; French and German distinctions; excursion to the Mountains of the Vosges; details respecting Agriculture and Husbandry in Alsasce; a sketch among the Mountains.

The moment you enter Strasburg, you find a new state of things,—for Strasburg, although now the frontier town of France, is entirely German. I alighted at the hotel De la Fleur,—and almost immediately afterwards, I set off in search of the Rhine. Before reaching the River, many fortifications must be passed; and although I do not profess to be any judge of fortifications, I believe I may safely say, that those of Strasburg, are strong, and extensive. A little beyond the last gate, and close to the road leading to the river, stands a small mausoleum, erected to the me-

mory of General Dessaix, who, a few months before he fell in battle, passed along that road, with the army of the Rhine. The monument is extremely simple, and is only interesting from the recollections which it re-calls.

The first view of the Rhine at this point, must disappoint every one who sees it there for the first time; for although the river itself, must appear a majestic stream to him who has never seen any river larger than the Thames,—yet, as our ideas of the Rhine, are associated with the majestic scenery through which it flows, and as at Strasburg, the country, for many leagues on both sides, is a dead level, expectation is scarcely realized. But to me, the Rhine was no stranger; I had already made its acquaintance in the region of eternal snows, and watched all its changes from the tiny rivulet to the broad boundary of kingdoms. A few sous are paid for leave to pass over the bridge of boats that leads into the Grand Duchy of Baden,—and that I might have an opportunity of drinking the health of his Highness in his own dominions, and in his own Rhenish, I

walked over to Kell, where in a very clean auberge, I paid five francs for my complaisance.

Upon returning to the town with the intention of visiting the Cathedral, I was struck with the very uncouth, though somewhat picturesque dress of the inhabitants,—the men, with hats precisely the same as those worn by the dignified Clergy of the Church of England; the women, with black velvet laced boddices, and tinsel ornaments in their hair, and all who were beyond the age of thirty or thirty five, carrying long staffs in their hands. In the market place, I observed many girls with their hair plaited behind and falling below the middle of the back, and interwoven with silk ribband, which reached almost to the heels; these were not Strasburghers, but the women of Baden, who bring vegetables to the market.

Every body has heard of the steeple of Strasburg Cathedral, because every body has read Sterne's sentimental journey. It is a light and elegant structure, well worthy of the Traveller's notice,—and the labour of mounting to the sum-

mit, is amply repaid by the prospect to be enjoyed from it. This view has been so often described, that I shall be pardoned if I pass over it lightly; it is extensive, rather than beautiful, and will not bear a comparison with the view enjoyed from many eminences both in England and on the continent.

There is a curious circumstance connected with the clock in Strasburg Cathedral,—it is of very complicated, and delicate workmanship, and the artizan who contrived, and made it, becoming blind before he had terminated his labour, it became a question of some difficulty, and of much importance, how the work was to be completed: the public authorities engaged other mechanics; but they being ignorant of the design upon which the whole was meant to be constructed, were unable to proceed,—and the blind artizan anxious to reap all the honour himself,—not willing that others should have the credit of finishing that which their genius could not have enabled them to begin, refused to communicate any information; but offered to complete the work, blind as

he was; and this very wonderful, and ingenious piece of mechanism, now remains not only a monument of the genius of the maker, but a curious illustration of the power of habit, as well as of the acuteness communicated to one sense, by the deprivation of another. Of the interior of Strasburg Cathedral, which has been as often described as its steeple, I shall only say, that I was particularly struck with the splendid colouring and exquisite workmanship of the painted windows, which greatly surpass any thing of the kind in England, and which are only equalled by those in the Cathedral Churches of Spain.

The only other work of art worthy of notice in Strasburg, is the monument erected to Marshall Saxe, in one of the Protestant Churches, which seemed to me, to possess great merit, both in design and execution. The Marshall stands upon an eminence, in a dignified attitude, and with a tranquil countenance; death, shrouded in a robe, and without presenting any of the hideous features in which death is too often represented, stands below, holding in his hand, an hour glass, which

he raises upwards,—and between the Marshall, and death, is the genius of France, who with imploring looks, mingled with an expression of fear, stretches both hands towards the hour glass, in a repelling attitude.

Rhine wine may be drunk in perfection at Strasburg by those who choose to pay for it,—but it requires some practice to be secure against imposition,—for to one unpracticed in the taste of Rhine wine, it is easy to pass off the wine that grows in various parts of Alsasce and Baden, as genuine Vin du Rhin,—which is the production of only a limited territory.

Besides the dress of the Strasburghers, and the general aspect of the town, there are several other matters by which it is easy to discover, that Strasburg, is more German than French; there is less bowing, less external civility,—less animation,—fewer gestures; the countenances too, are no longer French: few thin, dark, sallow countenances are to be seen: in their stead, we find broad faces, and fair complexions. Another difference is discernible in the cookery,—in the ho-

tels of Strasburg, we miss the delicatesse that distinguishes the cookery of La Grande Nation: there is no longer that amalgamation of flavours in which no one predominates; the flavour is more prononcé: I am sorry to be obliged to make use of a french word,—but in speaking of an art which, after that of war, fait la gloire de la France, this is perhaps permissible.

Before proceeding from Strasburg to Constance, I resolved to make an excursion to the mountains of the Vosges. These mountains as I have already mentioned, form the western boundary of Alsasce, dividing that country from Burgundy and Franche Compté. The enquiries I had made, both in journeying towards Strasburg, and after arriving there, seemed to promise a sufficient reward for the labour of an excursion.

Since leaving Paris, I had travelled by the diligence; but I now resolved to return to my old mode of travelling, and to become a pedestrian; and before setting out, let me observe, that in travelling three hundred and forty miles, from Paris to Strasburg, I found no reason to join in

the cry so loudly raised against travelling in France. The French diligences perform their journeys at the rate of six miles per hour, including stoppages,—they are greatly more roomy and commodious than the English stage-coaches, and quite as well hung,—and what does it signify to the Traveller who finds himself seated in a place every way upon an equality with an English Post Chaise, if half a dozen others with lighter purses, are shut up in the Rotonde behind,—and so long as the coach performs the journey within the stated time, of what importance is it, if the horses are rough and long tailed, or if the harness be made of ropes: and to this let me add, that coach fares in England are greatly higher than they are in France. The distance from Paris to Strasburg, I have already said is three hundred and forty miles, and the fare for the best place is 37 francs or, if the Traveller chooses to go outside, with a cabriolet covering, he may perform the journey for 10 f. less.

To reach the entrance to the Vosges, from

Strasburg, you cross the richest and finest part of Alsasce,—though not the most picturesque,—for until within a league of the mountains, the road lies through a continued plain covered with grain, and but scantily diversified with wood. Three leagues from Strasburg, I stopped to breakfast at a respectable auberge, the landlord of which, was also a considerable Proprietaire,—and I availed myself of the opportunity, to make some enquiries respecting the value of land, labour, &c., in Alsasce and Lorrain. I found him intelligent and communicative,—but after he had given me some information upon various points, he proposed to conduct me to the house of a gentleman who re-resided at no great distance,—a very large proprietor, and one well acquainted with the subject upon which I was desirous of information. It may be easily supposed that I readily accepted the offer,—and under convoy of the Aubergiste, I reached the house of Mr. Ossman in about an hour.

I was received with the greatest courtesy,—and was pressed to accept of the hospitalities of the

house till next day, which I declined,—but I agreed to stay my midi, which in Alsasce, means dinner, because it is taken at mid-day. I regret that my limited information upon agricultural matters, did not permit me to make enquiries, the answers to which might have been more worthy of recording. Such as they are however, they may not be altogether devoid of interest.

Throughout Alsasce and Lorrain,—the farmers are all Proprietors,—and all the Proprietors farmers. Such properties run from four acres up to 200 : when they exceed this quantity, the Proprietor then usually farms out a part of his land: about one fifth part of the produce goes to Government in the shape of taxes. The best land will return 5 per cent, when let, and the rent is paid in produce,---a half or two thirds, or one third, according to the quality of the soil. Horses fit for farm service, cost from £8 to £10. A farm servant receives £10, or £12 a year; a day labourer is paid 1s. 3d. per day, excepting in the time of hay, or vintage when he receives 1s. 6d. and as much wine as he chooses to drink; female

servants including cooks, receive from £4 to £6; the keep of a horse costs about £12 per annum, and there is no tax of any kind, either upon horses or servants.

The transference of property generally throughout France, is rare,—this is partly owing to the high stamp duties which are exigible,—but when good land is sold, it brings in these Provinces about twenty years purchase. To one travelling through the uninclosed lands of France, a difficulty is suggested to the mind, as to the manner of describing property in case of transference. This is done by describing the property to be sold, as bounded by other property; and the frontier of the different properties is marked by stones, along which, an imaginary line is drawn.

Upon enquiring how much land might suffice for the support of a man and his family, I found that upon six acres, a man might live comfortably, eating fresh meat twice a week. No proprietor having less than 150 acres, ever lets it out of his own hand,—nor, with property to this extent, does he consider himself above holding

the plough,—which is invariably a wheel plough, drawn by two horses.

Besides grain, there are two important articles of produce in Alsasce and Lorrain,—Tobacco and madder: these are both extremely profitable to the cultivator; the former pays to Government £4 upon every cwt.,—and the cultivation of the latter has received important encouragement by the late Government order, by which the dress trousers of the military are changed from blue to scarlet: this has had the double advantage of encouraging agriculture, and of saving to Government, the expense of foreign dies.

The cattle throughout Alsasce, are of the most miserable description; there is no pasture land; and the cows receive a scanty and unwholesome nourishment, from the rank grass and weeds that grow in the ditches by the way side; every few hundred yards along the road, women may be seen employed in cutting, and carrying away this coarse herbage. Nor are the horses throughout this part of France better provided for,—they are generally very wretched creatures,—small, lank,

and ill-fed.

We hear much in England, of French bread; and those who visit France for the first time, usually conceive high notions of its excellence; but this expectation is sure to be disappointed; for, to one who has been accustomed either to the bread of the London Public Baker,—or to the wholesome household bread baked in the country, nothing can be more insipid than the white saltless bread found throughout the greater part of France; but until I partook of the hospitalities of the house into which I had introduced myself on my way to the Vosges, it had never occurred to me to enquire why the french bread was baked without salt; the answer to my enquiry was quite satisfactory: there is a duty of 8 sous per lb. upon salt: the same reason operates, in preventing salt being put into butter; but this want—if felt to be a want,—is capable of being supplied,—whereas the fault in the bread, is irremediable.

I spent three days among the Vosges mountains; but as this journey is dedicated chiefly to

the Tyrol, I shall only say, of my excursion in Alsasce, that I regretted then, and still regret, that my plans did not permit me to extend it. Europe is ransacked for the picturesque,—but the Department of the Vosges is passed over,—and yet I do not know any district in Europe, where it is to be found in so much perfection. I passed through many charming valleys, every one traversed by a stream, and overlooked by wooded rocks, cottages, and ruins,—for there is scarcely an isolated eminence among the mountains of the Vosges, that is not crowned by the ivied walls of one of those strong holds, that in former times, were the baronial castles of the German Nobles. Nor in any place that I have yet visited, have I found more primitive manners than in the Vosges; but this will create no surprise when I add, that in the three villages where I passed three nights, I could not learn that any foreigner had visited them for several years. One single illustrative picture, I must gratify myself with sketching.

It was on the second day after leaving Stras-

burg, and when I had penetrated into the heart of the mountains, that on a delicious evening, I looked down upon a village called, I think Rannes, one straggling street, suspended over the brawling stream that watered the little valley, and overtopped by the ruins of two—no doubt rival castles. I enquired for an Auberge: but there are no Inns in the Vosges, for there are no Travellers; and uncertain how the night was to be spent, my pace had gradually waxed slower, till it came to a dead halt,—when an old, respectable looking man, coming from the vine-covered porch of a house opposite, asked me if I were a stranger,—and learning my difficulty, he offered me the hospitalities of his house.

It was a Patriarchal establishment; and there, might be seen all the domestic virtues,—reverence for age,—indulgence for youth,—motherly love,—sisterly and brotherly affection. I was received, as strangers were received of old, before the inhabitants of cities had carried their refinements,—perhaps their corruptions, into the lands of simplicity and hospitality. How equally flowed

the stream of life, in this seclusion! what a picture of peace and serenity! and yet, to one whose scenes of life are shifted every day, and who is accustomed to men and cities, it is rather a painful, at all events, a regretful sensation that is awakened by the contemplation of life without variety,—and, as it would seem, almost without enjoyment.

The old man, whose head was frosted over with eighty winters, and his spouse, seemingly as aged, sat during the evening at the door, upon two seats formed of plaited vine twigs, watching silently, the labour of their progeny. Their son, a healthy man, of perhaps forty years, was digging little troughs at the roots of his vines; while two boys, of about ten and twelve years old, carried pitchers of water from a neighbouring spring. The old man's daughter-in-law was within the house, preparing supper, and pleasing as she best could, a little pet of three or four years old, that sat upon a stool, eating cherries. But the gem,—the chief figure in the group, was the grand-daughter, who stood upon the threshold

with her arms crossed, having just returned from a visit to the neighbouring cottage of a married sister. She was the first and only French girl I ever saw, of whom one might say, "she is interesting." Many are piquantes,—many gentilles,—some, even jolies comme des anges,—but interesting! how seldom. I will leave the sketch as it is,—and return to my journey.

CHAPTER III.

JOURNEY TO AUGSBURG.

Lindau; Wangen and a village fair; aspect of Bavaria; German Postilions; a children's feast; "Buy a Broom" roads, towns and scenery; usages of Bavaria; arrival at Augsburg.

The same reasons that induce me to pass lightly, over this excursion in Alsasce, restrain me from giving any details of my journey from Strasburg to Constance,—the more so, that this route through the territory of Baden, by Schaffhausen, is too much travelled, to leave me the slightest hope of interesting the reader by my narrative. I left Constance by the steam boat at five in the morning; and at three in the afternoon, on stepping upon the pier of Lindau, I found myself in Bavaria.

Ever since childhood, I have had pleasant thoughts of Constance and its lake; and these

were among the places, to which I had resolved, one day or other, to make a pilgrimage: but now that I am sitting in the window of the Inn, at Lindau, with the lake spread out below me, I must say, that I do not greatly admire it. It wants alike, the defined character of a lake, and the illimitable attributes of the ocean. Lindau too, which seems upon the map, an important place,—the frontier town of Bavaria,—and built upon an island, in the very idea of which there is something imposing, is but a poor place when one gets into it; but whatever may be the merits of a frontier town, the Traveller looks upon it with some interest, as being the first indicator of the manners &c., of another country.

In walking to the Inn from the Custom House, (where by the bye, I was in danger of getting into trouble, from the discovery of half a pound of tea in my portmanteau,) I needed nothing more to tell me that I was no longer in France, than the better looks, and neater dresses of the women; and in passing the Hotel de Ville, I was reminded that I was in Germany; for from the

mouths of each of the four centinels on duty, depended an enormous pipe. This however, I afterwards found, is a luxury rather winked at, than permitted, among the troops of His Bavarian Majesty: during, parade, the pipe must be kept out of sight; but at a Review which I saw at Augsburg, when the troops were ordered to stand at ease, before leaving the field,—the muskets were in a moment piled, and exchanged for pipes; and the smell of gunpowder was quickly lost in the fume of tobacco.

Lindau lies at the South Western extremity of Bavaria,—Passaw at the North Eastern extremity, on the frontier of Bohemia,—and from Lindau to Passau, I resolved to journey by the circuitous route of Augsburg and Munich, en voiture,—reserving Pedestrianism for the more mountainous Bohemia; which I at that time purposed visiting,—a purpose, which was changed in the manner to be afterwards related. I accordingly concluded a bargain with a voiturier, to carry me to Augsburg for 15 florins, and next morning a little after five, I passed over the long

wooden bridge which connects the island with the mainland. I did not venture upon breakfast at Lindau,—because, the evening before, having entrusted my tea-pot to the waiting girl, for a supply of boiling water, I found myself sipping a cup of bad lemonade; and upon a scrutiny, I discovered that it is the practice in Bavaria, to flavour the tea with a few slices of lemon. Generally speaking, the tea one purchases on the continent, needs nothing to disguise its taste,—it is both good and cheap. An odious monopoly has not forced into existence, puffing establishments to vend trash at a low price; I paid at Strasburg 4s. per lb. for excellent black tea,—and about 4s. 8d, for green.

The country on leaving Lindau, I found as agreeable as a flat country can be,—it was pretty equally divided between grass and corn; but I noticed also, a considerable quantity of wet uncultivable land,—and even some marshes. I was greatly surprised to see in several places, women in the fields, mowing; they were accompanied by several men,—and kept regular time with

their male companions; wielding the scythe as sturdily, and apparently with as much ease, as their stronger fellow labourers.

About two leagues from Lindau, the road crossed the frontier of Bavaria, and continued to run for two leagues more, through an angle of the kingdom of Wurtemberg; and soon after entering this territory, we arrived at Wangen, where we stopped to breakfast. There chanced to be a great fair this day at Wangen; the fields outside of the town, were covered with cattle, and buyers and sellers,—and the streets were lined with booths, and crowded with country people. The Inns were of course also crowded, —but so respectable an arrival as a Caleche and pair, procured a vacant table in the window of the Public room, which was filled with farmers, drovers, and itinerant merchants, enjoying themselves over a pot of ale, which, with the addition of bread and cheese, seemed to be the universal breakfast.

If the Traveller in Bavaria wishes to breakfast comfortably, he must carry tea along with him;

tea is not to be obtained in the country Inns ; and if coffee be asked for, it is served up in a most unsatisfactory way. In place of as much coffee and boiled milk being prepared, as will fill two or three breakfast basins,—one small pot, containing about a gill of coffee, and another, containing about as much boiled cream, are placed upon the table. This mixture, besides the small quantity, is too rich to be used otherwise than as a cordial.

While the horses were resting and feeding, I walked through the fair, which was a busy and lively scene. The chief articles exposed for sale, were calicos, silk handkerchiefs, and female ornaments : the calicos were of Swiss manufacture; the silks were French ; and the female ornaments, such as combs, and tinsel gewgaws, were manufactured in Bavaria. I was much pleased with the apparently comfortable condition of the Wurtemburgers; the market and country people, were well dressed, and to all appearance, well fed ; and there was an air of contentment, and good humour in almost every countenance, that

was strongly contrasted in my memory, with the haggard and thinking countenances of the manufacturing population of both France and England.

The outsides of the houses in this little town, struck me as being particularly grotesque. Not, as in the country of the Grisons, painted upon Classical models—representing pillars, and pilastres, and pediments,—but daubed over in glaring colours, with representations of sea snakes, and dragons, and dolphins, and landscapes, and marine views.

From Wangen to Leutkirch, the road lay through a tolerably agreeable, fertile, and very populous country; the fields were spotted with labourers, and women still formed the greater proportion of them. The cottages by the way side were very numerous,—and in their materials and construction, were all respectable: I noticed that all the houses, small and great, were tiled,—and numerous red-tiled cottages certainly produce an agreeable and warm effect when thickly scattered over a country,—and are connected in our

minds, with comfort and respectability.

The constant smoking of a German voiturier is amusing and annoying at the same time. It is amusing to see him make his pipe the object of his chief solicitude, and to find that from morning until night, he contrives to occupy himself with the different branches of his favourite, and never ending enjoyment,—screwing and unscrewing his pipe,—cleaning its various parts,—examining his flints,—striking a light, and putting his pipe into, and taking it out of his mouth. But it is also annoying; for it is impossible that a man can be occupied with his pipe and his horses at the same time. In this, as well as in other journeys which I have made with German Postilions, I have been in constant danger of an overturn; the reins are often abandoned for the flint and steel; and nothing but the docility of the horses, saves the Traveller from being thrown into the ditch, or smashed against some other vehicle.

At Leutkirch, we again enter Bavaria. Here we rested two hours,—and these two hours, I oc-

cupied very agreeably. There was a children's feast; about two hundred boys and girls, all the girls dressed in white, headed by a band of music, and several banners, walked to a neighbouring hill, where preparations had been already made for their reception. And first, having formed two circles, the girls inside, and the boys without, a grave, but good humoured elderly gentleman made a speech to the little people, commending them for their industry and proficiency at school, and telling them, that they were assembled to enjoy themselves, to eat as much bun as they pleased, and to play till sunset; and he concluded by exhorting the boys to behave with gentleness and kindness to their female playmates. Then the same old gentleman, distributed prizes to the little boys and girls; and a quantity of embroidered and sewed work was then produced from a basket, and exposed to the grown-up audience for sale, the proceeds to be appropriated to charitable purposes; and this being done, all the boys and girls were dismissed to their games. The next moment, all were at

play, boys and girls mingling promiscuously: numerous tables too were spread with buns, and light wine, and water, to which the youngsters resorted for refreshment. One beautiful little girl about twelve years of age appeared to be Queen of the games, she wore a chaplet of flowers, and seemed to be invested with the authority which was yielded alike to her superior age, and charming countenance.

It was altogether, a beautiful, and pleasing scene. New fangled notions of education and propriety had evidently made no progress in Bavaria,—there was no torturing of nature: children were children,—not ridiculous caricatures of men and women,—and the buoyancy of childhood, was not curbed by the silly prosaic maxims of modern Philosophers. As for the sensible and kind hearted old gentleman who lent his countenance to the children's feast, I could not resist the temptation of introducing myself to him, and expressing the great pleasure I had received. I found he was a magistrate of the town; and we spent a pleasant hour over a bottle of Rhine

wine, and in talking of the improvements of modern times. They know but little in Bavaria, of the march of mind; the old gentleman had never heard of Mechanics' Institutes, or Libraries for the people. "Tis a great discovery" said he, "but tell me one thing," are crime and vice diminished in your country, and are the people happier?" but as my voiturier was impatient,—the reins already in his hand, and the pipe in his mouth,—I had an excuse to rise suddenly, and take leave of my kind entertainer; and we were soon on the road to Meiningen.

It is scarcely possible to travel in Bavaria without calling to mind the Bavarian Broom girls, and the "Buy a Broom," of Madame Vestris. One naturally expects to have the recollection of these, refreshed in Bavaria; but from the hour I entered, until the hour I quitted the country, I never saw one woman whose dress—still less, whose brooms, recalled to mind the broom girls who are seen in every street in England. I much question, whether these persons are Bavarians; the greater number are more

probably Dutch and Belgian : Bavaria is far distant from England,—and I perceived nothing among the inhabitants, that could induce one to think they were driven by necessity, from their native country.

In this part of Bavaria, the country is extremely populous ; between Leutkirch and Meiningen, I counted no fewer than thirteen towns, or large villages,—not indeed, all of them lying by the way side,—but situated within half a league of the road : Here, the custom I had observed in Wangen, the little Wirtumburg town—that of painting the outside of the houses, is also followed. I noticed the fronts of several houses adorned with paintings from Bible History,—and upon many of the window shutters, were representations of Popes and Cardinals.

I was delighted every where in Bavaria, with the excellence of the roads. No macadamization could make them better than they are. It is quite a mistake to suppose, that good roads are to be found only in England ; or that in order to have good roads, we must pay a magnificent pen-

sion to a Surveyor General. In Bavaria, in most parts of Switzerland, and the Tyrol,—in many parts of the Netherlands,—and throughout all Sweden,—nay even in some parts of Spain, I have travelled over as fine roads as I have ever seen in England; and in most of these countries, the name of Macadam was never heard.

At Meiningen we did not stop,—but drove on towards Mindelheim, where I intended passing the night. This was a charming drive; the road lay through extensive forests of fir, mingled with some lighter wood. Here and there, small lakes glistened through the trees,—beautiful grassy glades now and then opened among the woods,—and from the deep shades, though it was yet broad day, the Nightingale's sharp and ever varying notes, poured from either side of the road. If this part of Bavaria were traversed by any sufficiently large river, flowing towards the lake of Constance, a fine revenue might be derived from her forests; timber might in that case reach the countries that stand in need of it, by way of the Rhine,—but the only rivers that traverse Bavaria,

are the Inn, the Iser, the Lech, and the Iller,—and all of these excepting the Inn, which has its source in the Grisons, rise in the Tyrolean Alps, and flow due north, towards the Danube,—which would carry timber into timber countries, in place of into those which stand in need of it. The greater part of the country however, through which I passed between the frontier and Augsburg, was arable, and under tillage. I remarked immense quantities of drilled wheat, between Leutkirch and Mindelheim; and every where, the crops were heavy,—and no labour seemed to be spared in the cultivation and preparation of the land. Women, here as in the neighbourhood of Lindau, bore a large—I may say indeed, an equal share of the toil with the men; every kind of field labour was indiscriminately performed by men or women, and in several fields, I observed women at the plough. We reached Mindelheim about seven in the evening.

I was much pleased with the Bavarian country towns. Both Meiningen and Mindelheim are agreeable places. The streets are wide, which

in Northern latitudes is an advantage,—they are scrupulously clean; the houses are for the most part respectable, and the inhabitants are well dressed, and certainly good looking. Let me add, that the Inns are comfortable, and reasonable in their charges. I always found good dinners, clean beds,—and moderate bills. In fact, if I were desired to name the country in which one may travel the cheapest, and at the same time enjoy a reasonable share of comforts, I should say Bavaria. Indeed, with the single exception of Bavaria, I have found no difference in the expence of travelling in one country and another. It is true, that in Bavaria, wine is not to be had for nothing, as it is in every part of France and in most of the Southern countries; for although Bavaria grows some wine, it is not a wine country: its wines however, are not expensive; and their quality is always agreeable,—generally of the Rhine wine species, and far superior to the vin ordinaire of almost every part of France.

I left Mindelheim at six the following morn-

ing. It is a curious law in Bavaria, that every Traveller must pay four pence English, for a permit to leave every town; but this expense is more than compensated by his being allowed to keep his passport in his pocket. Soon after leaving Mindelheim, we entered upon an extensive plain,—part of that great plain which stretches over all the central parts of Bavaria. It is divided between corn and pasture land; and as it was now the hay harvest, the country was seen to the greatest advantage.

At no time does a grass country look so beautiful, as when it is dotted with hay ricks; at no time, is the country so fragrant; and perhaps it is then also, that the manners of the country people are the best displayed. But hay making in Bavaria, is much the same as hay making elsewhere,—a charming melange of labour and recreation; lads and lasses will always be lads and lasses, whether they be hay-making, or a-maying, in the fields of England, or France, or Bavaria. I noticed too, in every village, the garlanded Maypole; so that Bavaria has not yet

parted with her old customs; and so little progress have new lights made in Bavaria, that her peasantry do not yet despise a merry-making.

The Bavarian peasantry are fond of dress,—and they dress tastefully; when I speak of Munich, I shall have occasion to say more upon this subject, but even in the country, and country towns,—to dress becomingly, appears to be an object; among other little embellishments to which they have recourse, to set off their charms, or to give an air of sprightliness, I may mention artificial flowers; which the women wear in their hair, and the men in their hats. These are little matters; but they are worth telling.

I have a great idea, that in writing travels, the art is, to set down little as well as great things, —for example that women wear short petticoats, or men, tight small clothes, as well as that the country abounds in corn, or that the city overflows with wealth. I am doubtful, if the most erudite man, writes travels the most agreeably; small things escape, or are looked upon as beneath his notice. Travels are much the same in

this respect, as memoirs; for the character of a people, as of an individual, is often best seen in trifles. The best biography the world ever saw, is Boswell's life of Johnson; and had Boswell been a greater man, the work would have been less valuable: the real interest of the work consists in its minuteness; for it is by this quality, that we are made thoroughly acquainted with the subject of the Biography.

All the way between Mindelheim and Augsburg, I passed through a continuous plain, generally fertile, and well cultivated; and sprinkled with numerous flocks of cattle, and of swine; and about three o'clock, I reached Augsburg,—the spires of which had long been visible.

CHAPTER IV.

AUGSBURG.

Streets, houses, usages; a delicate digression; pictures; fountains; gardens; society,—prices of provisions; journey to Munich.

Before we visit any place, fancy has always been at work; and has already finished an etching,—I need scarcely say how very far removed from truth. It is perhaps surprising however, since towns so much resemble each other that these fancy sketches should so seldom approach to the truth: occasionally, I have found a slight resemblance between the etching of fancy, and the reality; but this is rare; and Augsburg was not one of the exceptions. I expected to see a dark, gloomy, ugly, ancient looking town; and I found an open, handsome, fine city,—with streets that may be put in comparison

with the most modern of those which are found in the most admired towns in Europe. The street in which my hotel,—the principal hotel in the city,—was situated, is at least three quarters of a mile in length; broader than Regent-street; and lined on either side, by houses, that both in height, and in general effect, arising from the size of the houses, and the diversity in their architecture, very far eclipse any thing I know of in London. Where in some of the old continental cities, the streets are wide, and the houses lofty and well built,—there is an air of substantiality, and even grandeur about them, that we cannot discover in the "Metropolitan Improvements,"—least of all perhaps, in the ornamented shells that adorn the most beautiful of our Parks.

In the street of which I am now speaking, are situated the town houses of the principal Merchants, and Bankers, some of whom are possessed of princely fortunes,—at all events, of fortunes far greater than one would expect to find in Bavaria, and in a city, so little commercial as

Augsburg. I walked through the house of a Banker named Schaetzler, who is said to possess property amounting to at least six million of florins (upwards of £600,000 ster.) and an income, of a million of florins besides. The house, I found fit for the residence of Royalty; magnificent in its extent, its furniture, its embellishments. One of the rooms had been lately fitted up, on the occasion of a visit from the King, who did the banker the honor of accepting a fête in his house; and this apartment was in every respect worthy of the purpose to which it was destined. Schaetzler is not however, the richest man in Augsburg, nor his house the finest. There is another, whose name has escaped me, who possesses three of the most splendid houses in that street, each of them equal in extent to the London Mansion House, and who owns besides, nine country houses.

I have not seen the observation made by any Traveller, that England is almost the only country in Europe, in which, among the middle classes, the master and mistress of a house, occupy the

same bed. This is not so insignificant an observation as it may at first sight appear; and I am much disposed to think, that the relation of a fact even such as this, bearing in any degree upon the manners or morals of the middle classes in a country, is more important than the most learned and elaborate description of public monuments. The observation is suggested, from having noticed that the house of the Banker was an exception to the general continental rule,—and that there was in his house, a matrimonial chamber, as it is understood among the middle classes in England; and the same custom obtains throughout Bavaria generally, among all classes.

From the union, or the separation, of the matrimonial establishment, I incline to draw some conclusions respecting the manners and morals of a people. Observation fully warrants me in this. I have constantly observed, that in those countries, and in that class of society, where the domestic virtues are the most prominent, and the marriage tie the most sacred, there is no separa-

tion of the kind alluded to,—and that precisely in the proportion in which we find the marriage tie weak, the separation is extensive.

In England, it is only among the highest ranks,—and far from universally among them—that there is no matrimonial chamber, in its general, old fashioned, and English acceptation: The middle classes admit no matrimonial separation; and among the middle classes of England, more than in any other country on earth, the domestic virtues are practiced, and the obligation of the marriage relation reverenced and felt. Pass into France,—and we find, that the menage of the higher classes, is adopted also throughout the middle ranks: it is rarely, that among those above the rank of bourgeois, we find a matrimonial bed; and it is only among the bourgeois, in France, that we find the married life such as it is seen in England, both among the lower and middle classes. The Netherlands rank in these respects with France. Then, if we travel farther south, we shall find a still farther corroboration of the truth of my assertion. In Spain, the ma-

trimonial bed is unknown even among the lower classes; and in that country, the marriage tie is entirely disregarded,—and domestic comforts unknown.

It is my duty as a Traveller, to state facts; and what appear to me, to be their results; and if I am able to account for these results, so much the better. I think however, that in this case, no one will find much difficulty in seeing the connexion. All habitual separation produces a diminution of affection; and all diminution of affection necessarily leads to a laxity in the marriage relation,—and to the absence of what we call, the domestic virtues. Had the Author of "the City of the plague" been of a different opinion, he could not have made use of that beautiful expression, in which is conveyed, a world of endearment, and wedded confidence, "they who lay their heads on the same pillow."

Switzerland may perhaps be cited, in opposition to the principle for which I have been contending; there, the menage of France is most generally adopted,—and yet, they have the repu-

tation of being a moral people. This reputation, however it may have been earned, is, I suspect unjustly retained; at all events, there is little, in Switzerland, of that domestic union, and home, comforts and enjoyments, which are so fully understood in England. The night separation is continued during the day. There is little mingling of male and female society; the husband has his re-union and the wife has hers; and though in a cold country, fire-side pleasures are little understood. But, to return to Bavaria,—things are differently managed in that country. There, the matrimonial chamber is found amongst all ranks, —even in the Palace of the King; there, a greater simplicity of manners, and a greater purity of morals, are found among all classes—even up to Royalty itself, which has the wisdom not to despise the domestic enjoyments of a private station.

The Traveller has no occasion to remain more than two or three days in Augsburg, which I found sufficient to see all that deserved notice. The morning after my arrival, I spent an hour or

two agreeably in the Town Hall, which contains a tolerable collection of pictures of all the schools; particularly of the Flemish. Rubens and Vandyke are both conspicuous,—the latter especially, in one or two choice specimens; and there are some agreeable pictures too, from the hands of Lud. Caracci; Tintoretto, Carlo Dolce, and Progacini. Albert Durer also, arrests the lover of the antique. From the pictures, I walked to the Church of St. Uluric—old, massive, and gloomy,—and from thence I found my way to the arsenal, where they showed me some cannon of extraordinary magnitude,—a present to his Bavarian Majesty—more curious however than useful; since eighteen horses are required to drag one.

Passing along the wide street of which I have already spoken, I observed that it is adorned by several ornamental fountains; and the sun being at that time intensely hot, I sensibly felt the effect which imagination exerts upon the temperament of the body. Undoubtedly narrow streets are the best security against heat; but in a north-

ern climate, where such precautions are unnecessary, and where the admission of sunshine ought rather to be studied, I know of no better mode of diffusing coolness during the heats of summer, than by an abundance of fountains,—I do not mean, by the agitation of the air, and its decreased temperature in the immediate neighbourhood of the jet; but by the influence produced through the medium of imagination. This effect is greatly increased, by the singular device of one of the fountains of Augsburg: it is surmounted by a Hercules,—and the jet falls for ever upon his foot. No one walking upon the hot pavement, can look upon it without an agreeable sensation of coolness.

The Augsburghers are much addicted to the promenade; In fine weather, all classes resort to the different gardens which are set apart for the recreation of the inhabitants. I visited them all; and found, that in Augsburg, distinctions in society, are carried as far as they are elsewhere. There are three gardens, each, set apart for its own class of visitors; but no one yielding to the

other, in the beauty of its walks, or in the accomodations which are offered to the frequenters of it. The highest in the grade of gentility is that which is under the especial patronage of the Military.

This is a subscription promenade, to which only the upper ranks are admitted. The next is devoted to the middle ranks,—and the citizens and trades-people have also their garden; where, if they are not entertained by a military band, a band Bourgeois pleases them as well; and where, if there be less of the graces that distinguish high life, there is more of the ease and freedom that attend a lower station.

I was much pleased with what I saw, in all these places of public resort. The music that distinguished the garden of the "exclusives," was charming; the middle classes appeared to be satisfied with the promenade and conversation, —and in the garden Bourgeois, the enjoyments were not quite so intellectual: Wine, cake, and beer even, were in requisition,—and here and there, the young people had struck up a dance

to very tolerable music. Among all classes, I observed an air of great respectability, and contentedness: this is observable in the streets as well as in the gardens; and no where, unless in Munich, have I ever seen a greater number of pretty faces,—and those who would be called in country dialect, smart girls.

Besides these gardens, the moat which surrounds Augsburg, and which is not stagnant, but is traversed by a running stream, has been converted into a promenade,—open to all,—and tastefully laid out. The evening I spent among these walks, a great many pleasure boats were rowing about; and after the military band had left the garden, it was transfered to one of the boats. I remember this evening with great pleasure; the weather was mild and calm; the music excellent; and the scene altogether, novel and agreeable.

I regret I am unable to recollect the name of the hotel in which I resided, for the sake of those who may follow me,—it was so excellent: it seemed to me perfect in its arrangements, and

extremely moderate in its charges; and some idea may be formed of its size, when I say, that it contained one room in which three thousand persons have often assembled at winter concerts and balls. How different is a German, from a French table d'Hote! At the former, how much less pretension,—how much less self-importance, —how much less noise, how much less selfishness, and greed,—how much less inquisitiveness! Some would add—how much less excellent a dinner! this, however justly it might be said generally, of German cookery, will not hold good if applied to Augsburg or Munich: but, to return to the word inquisitiveness,—I believe a foreigner might sit down at a table d'Hôte in Bavaria day after day, and perhaps month after month, without being once requested to speak of himself: there is no "Monsieur is probably going to" such a place,—or "Monsieur has probably come from" such another place. One may have come from the Moon or Pekin,—or be going to Timbuctoo, or the world's end, for ought that a Bavarian cares. At the same time

I confess that for my own part, I do not object to a little inquisitiveness at a table d'Hôte; and greatly prefer it to the taciturnity that distinguishes a table full of Englishmen accidentally met together. Such little questioning, and counter questioning, breeds an interchange of civilities afterwards: a little civilly spoken rudeness,—accompanied by smiles and bows,—such, as asking one another's business,—leads to a world of courtesies,—and in fact, a promiscuous company assembled accidentally, escapes by a little preliminary bad breeding, the far greater ill manners of sitting sulkily among those whom chance has made for the time their equals.

Augsburg is a cheap place of residence: beef costs 10 kreutzers per lb. of 17 oz. veal and pork 11 kreutzers, butter, no more than 5 kreutzers, eggs, eight for 4 kreutzers. A house furnished, and fit for the reception of a respectable family may be had for three hundred florins, (£35 ster.) per annum, and two well furnished rooms, cost about seven shillings per week.

Augsburg is not without its name in history;

it was formerly an imperial city, governed by its own representatives,—which privileges are now exchanged for that of being the second city in the King of Bavaria's dominions. It was here, that in 1550, the Luthereans presented their confession of faith to the Emperor Charles, and which, called "the confession of Augsburg," was the foundation of a civil war between the Papists and the Protestants which lasted upwards of twenty years.

Having satisfied my curiosity at Augsburg, I left it for Munich,—and I bargained with a voiturier returning to the capital, to be carried thither for nine florins. The first part of the road was amusing, owing to the great concourse of persons who were coming to market with vegetables, farm produce, and poultry; and although I was now pretty well accustomed to the short petticoats of the women, the country damsels of the neighbourhood of Augsburg were conspicuous for these, even in Bavaria. Dress is very much a matter of convention: In England, it is called an exposé if a lady inadvertently shows

her ankle; while a Bavarian exposes the whole leg without a blush, because habit has taught her, that there is nothing to blush for. It is a perfect plain that lies between Augsburg and Munich,—a corn and pasture country,—for the most part fertile, and generally, under a good system of husbandry: but it is far from being an interesting drive; and it was not therefore without satisfaction that I saw the spires of Munich rise out of the level.

Munich is approached by broad and excellent roads; and even before entering the gate, it impresses the Traveller favourably. There are many country houses, and beautiful gardens; the number of equipages one meets, gives an air of consequence to the city; and the Traveller is in some degree, though not altogether prepared, for the magnificence that awaits him within. I reached Munich about four o'clock, and alighted at the Black Eagle, to which I should be doing great injustice, if I did not recommend it as one of the very best hotels I ever entered either in Bavaria, or in any other country.

CHAPTER V.

MUNICH.

Magnificence of Munich; streets and population; national dress; the Opera; and its arrangements; the King of Bavaria, his popularity and public spiritedness; a digression upon the genius of the German and Italian schools of music. The ballet, music in Bavaria.

I do not believe that any one who has never visited Munich, entertains a just idea of the Bavarian capital; I have no hesitation in saying, that it is the most beautiful little capital in Europe; whether in its public edifices, or in its general appearance,—and it is as unquestionably, one of the most interesting, owing to the numerous objects of attraction which it contains,—wide, clean, and many of them, magnificent streets and squares,—extensive gardens,—fine walks and drives,—an excellent Opera,—a gallery of pictures surpassed by few in Europe,—a

repository of ancient statues, of which I shall afterwards speak as one of the most splendid monuments that in any country has been dedicated to the Fine Arts: these are among the external attractions of this most fascinating Metropolis.

The Stranger who for the first time, perambulates the streets of Munich, perceives at once, that he is in a flourishing city,—and in a country in which the blessings of peace, have left leisure for the cultivation of those arts which spring out of it; he sees new and splendid streets stretching in every direction,—magnifient public edifices, erected, or rapidly approaching their completion,—the hand of improvement every where visible,—and industry directed in every channel in which it can be made subservient to the wants of opulence, and to the desires, or caprices of taste and refinement.

If from these mute signs of prosperity, we turn to the street population, we see new proofs of it. We see a respectable; and well dressed population,—no dirt, or rags, or squalidness, or discontented faces: every one carries with him, the

look of aisance. This indeed is not greatly to be wondered at in the capital of so small a kingdom, —the residence of the court,—the head quarters of the military,—the seat of the chief Public Judicature,—and of all the Public State Offices; the residence of the Nobility, Ambassadors, employés, and of all who are attracted by the presence, and patronage of a court; the chief domicile of the clergy,—and a city moreover, in which manufactures are not of sufficient importance to attract superabundant labour, which in great commercial towns, lays the foundation of poverty. The population of Munich does not greatly exceed fifty thousand; and subtracting from the number, all those who live by the Court, and by Public Offices, the remainder may easily be accounted for among tradesmen, artificers, shopkeepers and servants.

I was struck with nothing so much in walking the streets of Munich, as the beautiful and tasteful dresses of the women; I mean of course, the Bourgeoises, for the dresses of the upper classes in no country, excepting Spain, can be said to be

national. The peculiar costume of the Bavarians is seen to a certain extent every day ; but there, as in every other town, to most advantage on holidays and Sundays. It chanced, that the day after my arrival in Munich, was the day upon which the King was expected to return from a distant country, and a long absence, occasioned by the state of his health; it was an universal holiday in Munich ; and his entry, was almost like a triumph.

I was somewhat prepared for the novel, tasteful, and really beautiful dresses that greeted my eye in the streets, by the costume of the washerwoman who came to receive my commands at the hotel,—and of the girl who waited at my dinner table. The former wore a silver head dress, confining all the back hair, and forming a tiara in front ; a blue satin brocaded waist, and skirt of flowered muslin, with a worked muslin apron : The latter, besides a silver head-dress like the other, wore a gown, the whole of which above the ceinture, was entirely of silver. It is these silver head ornaments, and silver, and some

gilded waisted gowns, that form the distinctive national costume of the women of Munich, whose countenances and figures are very worthy to be so set off: and truly, customs like these, give great life and beauty to the picture of a street population; nor is it easy to forget the brilliant effect of these silver tiaras, and silver and gold waisted gowns, when on Sunday evening, a Munich holiday is held in the Royal garden.

The King honored the Opera with his presence, the same evening of his return: I of course was present, and secured in good time, a place serré. I cannot help observing that in most parts of the continent, the comfort of those who frequent places of public resort, is more attended to than in England; and in nothing is this more visible, that in the place serré of the pit. Most of my readers no doubt understand what this is, —but there may be some who do not. To take the Munich theatre as an example—the six or eight back seats in the pit are, as the whole pit is in England,—open to all who can crush into them,—and the first who arrives is the best ac-

commodated; but the remainder of the seats are places serrés. Tickets are purchased in the morning,—not at the door in the evening,—and the places so secured, are kept vacant by the simplest invention. The seat has a hinge,—folds back, and locks,—so that until it be unlocked, there is no place to sit down upon; every seat is numbered; and so is every ticket sold: the door keeper examines the number on the ticket,—opens, and lets down the seat which corresponds to it; and so the pit is filled, without scrambling or noise. There is no crowding at the door, because there is no occasion for it; no crushing and screaming, and rudeness, and pocket picking; no uncomfortable pressure within, because the tickets issued, and the seats, are equal in number. I cannot believe that any objection would be made in London, to the adoption of so rational and comfortable an improvement,—by which respectable persons might enjoy a play, without being first subjected to the rude incivility of a crowd; and by which all the unseemly, and sometimes even dangerous scenes witnessed at a pit

door, might be avoided.

The King arrived before the Opera began,—accompanied by the Queen. Their Majesties were received with every demonstration of affection; and frequently during the evening, these testimonies of respect were repeated. The King of Bavaria is a slight gentlemanlike person, with a pleasing, but not handsome countenance: he has an air of great affability; and if he owns a smaller dominion than some other Kings, he can boast a larger share of his people's affection,—which is better. His Majesty may be seen any day in Munich, walking through the hall of ancient statues; or in the neighbourhood of the new Palace which is now erecting. He deserves his popularity; he lives with great moderation; and the large surplus which his unostentatious habits enable him to save from his revenue, permits him to beautify his capital, and to be the munificent patron of literature and the arts. That most beautiful edifice in Europe, the Glypthothek, to which I shall afterwards return, has been erected at his own expense; and the magnificent palace

now nearly completed, is also the offspring of his moderation, and public spiritedness.

When I was at Munich, the Opera was upon an excellent footing,—and under good management. German and Italian Operas used formerly to be given only at the court theatre; but since the erection of the splendid house in the neighbourhood of the Palace, the German and Italian Operas, are given there, alternately with a comedy. The star at this time was Madlle. Schechner,—since I believe, known to a London audience; a very charming singer, and with all the advantages of youth, agreeable features, and intelligence. She made her debut at Berlin,—where she was—as she every where deserves to be—a decided favourite; and at Munich where she had been three months, she still continued to attract crowded houses. Schechner, though the best, was not the only good singer in the Munich company; the parts were all more than respectably filled; and the orchestra was among the most effective I have any where heard. It is certainly a mystery which has never yet been satisfactorily

explained, that in London one must pay half a guinea for a pit ticket to an Opera, generally inferior to many abroad, to which one is admitted for a third part of the sum. Somewhat higher salaries may reasonably be expected in a country where residence is more expensive; but this cannot warrant the difference between the London and continental prices. The following are the prices of admission at Munich: a whole box in the first and second tier 8 florins, a single place in a box 1 florin, 12 kreutzers (3s.) The Amphitheatre, 1 florin, 12k. The reserved places in the pit, 1 florin. How much pleasure therefore may be purchased in Munich for 2s. 4d.

During the fortnight that I remained in Munich, I went four times to the Opera. They do not perform there, as in many cities, the same Opera during half a season: each of the four times, I saw a different Opera: two of them were German, and two Italian: Fidelio by Beethoven; Weber's Der Freitchutz, Rossini's Cerentola; and Mozart's Flauto Magico. The King prefers the Italian,—the Queen, the German Opera; and

judging from the demeanour of the audience, it seemed to me, that the people sided with the King.

Listening alternately to the German and Italian Opera, I was more than usually struck with the essential distinctions in the character of the music of the Italian and German schools. The music of Italy I think may be characterized as graceful and tender; expressive of hope and joy, and of the gentler emotions; smooth and flowing; framed to soothe and tranquillize; and to "take the prisoned soul, and lap it in Elysium."

The music of Germany is impassioned, rather than tender; abrupt, rather than flowing; expressive of despondency rather than of hope; of melancholy, rather than of joy; and in place of soothing, it excites the mind to feelings of sublimity,—and diffuses over it, sentiments of solemnity, and awe.

The music of Rossini and of Mozart, although both of the Italian school, differs widely in its character. I was particularly struck with this

difference, in listening to the Cerentola, and il flauto magico. It seems to me, that the characteristics of Rossini's music, are variety, grace, playfulness and simplicity; I say simplicity; for although in his stile, he is ornate, yet, in his original conceptions, he is simple;—as a simple idea is often expressed in flowery language. Rossini is never sublime,—seldom even bold; for if sometimes, he seems to be the latter, it is mainly owing to the variety and rapidity of the movements. Nor can the compositions of this master be classed with the tender; they are sweet and elegant, —but seldom touching,—never impassioned. Deep sentiment, he rarely attempts; and when he does attempt it, he fails. Rossini is one of those masters who, in music, as in Painting and Poetry, arise to give grace and polish,—but at the sacrifice of higher excellencies.

The genius of Mozart seems to me of a higher order. With more elegance than Rossini, and with equal sweetness, he is master of the passions. Lofty and solemn conceptions are presented to us; but these are not presented, as they are in

the works of Handel,—in unadorned grandeur; he throws around them, the charms of wondrous beauty, and inimitable grace. The compositions of Mozart, when he chooses to address our sensibilities, draw tears,—while those of Rossini, rather call into our cheek, the smile of pleasure. I suspect that with the musician, as with the poet, a touch of melancholy is needed, to imbue his compositions with that greatness which survives the caprices of fashion.

I have sometimes thought, that listening to an Opera of Rossini might be compared to walking through a beautiful Park, where nature and art, are prettily and happily blended: where on every side, and at every step, we are struck with variety; where, every now and then, some pleasing vista opens before us;—where here, we have a succession of flowers,—there, a foaming waterfall; now, a Grotto; then, a temple; but where the range is too limited to permit us to lose sight of these objects, which frequently re-appear in the course of our walk.

In listening to an Opera of Mozart, I seem to

be walking through an open and fertile country, —not all redolent with sweets,—but where I often find myself in spots of surpassing beauty; where there is little recurrence of the same scenery; where the flowers are not in parterres, but lie on sunny slopes, scattered there by the hand of nature; where the wood is not in groves,—but stretches into a forest; where the heights swell into hills, and sometimes, almost into mountains; and where, if even a desolate scene rise before, the bright sun illuminates it,—and the blue sky canopies all.

I must not permit this digression to lead me entirely from the Opera of Munich, of which I have to add, that the Bavarians also support a ballet,—not indeed like that of the Academie de Musique, but still, very respectable for so small a Metropolis. The conception of the ballet was beautiful,—tending to display to much effect, the charm of grouping;—but I am constrained to say, that there was no Tagliôni. I have always thought, that the beauty of a ballet consists more in the conception of the ballet, and in the grace

of the individual performers, than in that which is looked upon as its chief attraction. Difficult performances,—and attitudes, which have cost half a lifetime to master, are the parts of a ballet that are the most applauded. Wonderful, these may be,—but beautiful, they certainly do not deserve to be called ; for nothing that is out of nature, can be beautiful. It is not natural to the human figure, to stand or walk upon the tiptoe ; to form a right angle with the limbs ; or to perform a rapid evolution of the body : to do all, or any of these things, nature must be tortured, and the common principles of natural motion violated. I cannot perceive any difference between such performances and those of an Indian juggler, unless that the latter are still more difficult and unnatural ; and I am convinced, that if any one, while applauding such exhibitions, will examine his mind, he will discover that it is not his sense of beauty, but his astonishment that pays the tribute.

The Theatre and Opera house of Munich, is an elegant structure,—and in the interior, large,

commodious and tastefully decorated. On every occasion when I visited it, it was crowded in all parts; and the audience were particularly to be commended for their silence, and the interest with which they appeared to listen. Music is much cultivated in Munich; all indeed that belongs to the fine arts having the especial patronage of the court: the upper and middle classes follow so illustrious an example; and it is well, when the tastes of a King, are such as may be imitated with advantage to the intellect, and morals of his people,—and where the favourite amusements of a court, may innocently become the relaxation of the citizens.

But excluding the patronage and example of the court, the Bavarians are attached to the study of music; and in Munich, there are many facilities for its cultivation and enjoyment. Among other societies, in whose institution music forms a prominent part, is the society called Bauhof. Besides Dramatic performances, four concerts are given every month,—and in these, the members of the society assist the professional men. Scarcely

a lady in the middle ranks of life is to be found, who is not a Pianist,—and the number of private Amateur Clubs is innumerable.

The lowest classes too, enjoy the daily opportunity of hearing excellent music from the military bands that play every night in the court garden. It is not marches,—dances, and trifling airs, which they perform,—but sterling compositions of the German and Italian masters; and those who have never been in any of the German States, can form no idea of the excellence of the military bands, both as regards the choice, and variety of instruments, and the masterly execution of the musicians. These regular musical performances in the gardens, which are open to all, show a praiseworthy attention on the part of the powers that be, to the amusement of the people; and it is really a delightful spectacle when sitting in the garden on a holiday evening, to see it crowded with the citizens in their brilliant holiday dresses, and with their happy faces, listening with evident delight, to the compositions of Haydin, Mozart, Romberg, or Ries.

CHAPTER VI.

MUNICH.

The Palace; English impudence; the Munich gallery; Claude, and the Flemish masters; the study of painting in Munich. Private galleries; the Glypthotheck,—a King's hobby; citizen Kings; habits of the Royal Family; the Fête Dieu at Munich; Schleisheim; an idea of a gallery.

I visited the Palace of the Bavarian Kings, on an early day after arriving in Munich; and found it worthy of a visit. It was built by Maxilian I. in the sixteenth century, upon a design by Candit, a disciple of Vasari; but since that time, various improvements have been made upon it,—and although the new Palace now erecting under the immediate superintendence of the King, be in all respects, a more splendid structure than the old, the present Palace is certainly sufficient for the wants of Royalty. But of this, the King who

builds a Palace from his private purse, must be allowed to be the best judge.

I have no intention of entering into any minute description of the Palace. I will only say, that all that luxury can desire, or art produce, decorates the apartments of the Queen; and that those of his Majesty are in accordance with the simple, but refined taste of their owner. Will it be credited, that one Englishman with a long purse, was so ill-mannered as to insult the King, by asking a price to be put upon a miniature picture representing Orpheus charming the beasts; and that another offered to purchase the valuable Porcelain that is contained in the King's Cabinet.

The lover of sights and wonders, will find much to delight him in the Palace: there is a bed with two hundred and twenty nine lbs. weight of gold in it; there are mirrors, and gildings, and bronze, and tapestries, and curiosities, without number,—particularly, a chapel and treasury attached to it, full of precious things,—among others, a virgin, with a gold habit and a diamond

crown, standing upon a pedestal of Lapis Lazuli; another virgin with vestments scarcely less precious; an organ constructed of gold, silver, ebony and mother of pearl, and adorned by innumerable pearls and other jewels;—a statue of St. George and the Dragon,—the Knight in gold, the Dragon in jasper; and adorned with no fewer than 2291 brilliants, 406 rubies, and 209 large oriental pearls,—with numerous other curious and rich gewgaws. I had certainly no idea that the King of Bavaria possessed so much useless wealth.

Formerly, the Palace was rich in pictures; but these, as well as the gallery of Schleisheim have been lately transferred to "the Munich gallery," of which I shall presently speak.

The Munich gallery, whether in its extent, or its excellence, is surpassed by but few in Europe. I passed an hour or two in it every morning while I remained in Munich, and never turned away from it without regret. It would be impossible for me, to particularize the pictures of which this treasure consists,—and indeed, with

the exception of those few pictures whose interest arises from the uncommon character of their subject, it appears to me, that the description of a picture gallery is necessarily unsatisfactory,—because words can never convey any distinct conception of that of which the senses take cognizance.

The gallery is divided into twelve halls. The first of these contains the works of Bavarian artists,—many of them highly creditable to the country; the second hall is alotted to the Flemish school,—chiefly; but not exclusively. The third hall is dedicated to the masters who have been the most celebrated for their colouring: The fourth hall, is called "the hall of Rubens;" and to the admirers of Rubens, will afford a rich study. Among the pictures, are found "Seneca dying." Several of "the wife of Rubens," an admirable portrait of "a Jesuit," "the reconciliation of Esau and Jacob," &c. The fifth hall is devoted chiefly to the Flemish and German schools, among which Vandyk, Wouvermanns and Ruisdael are conspicuous; and in the sixth and seventh halls, are found, the choicest pictures of all the schools.

But here I must remain for a little while. The pictures that struck me as being the most excellent, were, " a flight into Egypt," by Paul Veronese; " a Satyr embracing a nymph," by Titian; " Mary, with the infant Jesus and St. John," by Da Vinci—a picture of extreme beauty,—a " St. Francis," by Lud Caracci " a girl and a boy,": and " an old man," and "a boy," by Murillo, in all the nature, and exquisite colouring of that inimitable master,—" a Holy Family, " by Andrea del Sarto; " A massacre of the Innocents," by Han. Caracci,—interesting when compared with the same subject by Rubens, as showing the different views which two great men have taken of the same incident. Several portraits of old persons, by Rembrandt, and by Denner; " the Virgin, with the infant Jesus, and Saint Joseph," by Van Dyck;—" A Lion Hunt; " by Rubens; several curious pictures by François Mieris, &c. &c.

But besides these pictures in the " Great Stile," the Munich Gallery is most interesting, from the many admirable morsels of Berghem, Hobbima, Cuyp, and Ruysdael, with which it abounds. The

Italian Schools take, and are entitled to, the precedence, chiefly because of the higher subjects upon which the genius of its masters has been exercised ; and Claude,—French in birth, but Italian by education,—has always held in landscape, the same rank that is yielded to the first masters in the historical stile; I am not however ashamed to acknowledge, that I have seen pictures of Ruysdael, Hobbima, Cuyp, &c., upon which I would more willingly rest my eye than upon those of Claude,—owing I believe to their simple delineations of nature. This I know will be considered a heresy; but I suspect, that the authority of great names, is sometimes owing to its being established before competition arose,—thus acquiring a sort of prescriptive title to veneration.

The essential distinction between Claude, and the first masters of the Flemish school in the same department, consists principally in this ; Claude does not paint nature as he finds her ; but as he supposes she might be; he makes choice of her most attractive parts; and works

them up as his fancy dictates: and this is in precise agreement with the advice given by Sir Joshua Reynolds in his discourses. Ruysdael on the contrary, and the other masters at the head of this department in the Flemish school, paint nature as she is; and for this reason, the appearance of nature, as we walk abroad on a summer's evening, brings to our recollection, Ruysdael, Berghem, Cuyp, or Hobbima, rather than Claude. Notwithstanding this, Claude is probably the greater painter,—though he cannot be said to be the most popular; in the same manner that "Paradise Lost" is a greater, but a less popular poem, than "The Deserted Village."

In Munich, the utmost liberality is shewn towards Strangers, in the facilities offered to them in visiting all the institutions dedicated to the Fine Arts; and what is still more important,—artists, and students, are encouraged in every way, to cultivate a knowledge of the "divine art." Of the excellent opportunities offered to them by the Munich gallery, they amply avail themselves; and it was gratifying to see, not only the

numbers, who were at all times employed in copying in the gallery, but to observe the good judgment that had directed them in their choice of subjects. I noticed, that few, or none, had selected the pictures of Bavarian artists,—but almost without exception, those chef-d'œuvres, of the Italian and Flemish schools, a study of which, is most likely to lead to future eminence, —how different in this respect is Bavaria from France, where national vanity leads the young artists to select for their models, the paintings in the Luxembourg gallery, where, with some few exceptions, extravagance and caricature, are blended with weakness and effiminacy,—and to pass by the immortal works of the Italian, Spanish, and Flemish schools, that adorn the hall of the Louvre.

An Academy of the Fine Arts was founded in the year 1808,—in which painting, sculpture, architecture and engraving are taught gratuitously to above a hundred pupils; and the result has been gratifying to the founders. There are at this moment, many most promising artists in Mu-

nich; and all who devote themselves to the study of any branch of the Fine Arts, may reasonably entertain the agreeable belief, that genius is assured of its reward, from the liberal patronage bestowed upon it by the present Royal Family.

Besides the Munich gallery, there are several private collections worthy the attention of a Stranger,—particularly those of Prince Eugene, Duke of Leuchtenberg; and of the Count Richberg. The former of these contains about one hundred and fifty chef-d'œuvres of all the schools, —among them, several pictures by Schidone, Paul Veronese, An: Caracci,—Guercino, and Tintoretto,—and some charming things by Wouvermanns, Berghem,—Paul Potter, Van der Velde, Holbein, and Denner. In the Prince's collection there is also "a Magdalen of Canova," —and the "Three Graces" from the hand of the same celebrated artist. The other collection has the honour of containing a small and very beautiful "Entombment," by Raphael. A "St. Catherine," by Da Vinci,—"The Anunciation," by Albano,—"St. John Baptist," by Murillo,—

and other productions of true excellence, by Carlo Dolce, Rembrandt, Dominichino, Titian, Mola, Parmegiano, Breughel, Ruysdael, &c. Besides these, there are many other private collections,—and I do not hesitate to say, that the true lover of the Fine Arts might find employment, and delightful employment too, in the picture galleries of Munich, during at least two months.

I have already incidentally mentioned the Glypthotheck,—and now return to it with eagerness. This most chaste and beautiful edifice, destined for the reception of ancient statues, was not quite completed when I visited Munich; but it had made so much progress towards completion, that one might well form an opinion of its claims to distinction. I do not hesitate to say, that a journey from London to Munich would be well repaid by a visit to the Glypthothek; which in the beauty of its marbles, is not equalled by any edifice in Europe. I say this with some boldness, having seen the marbles of the Escurial, which has hitherto been admitted to possess the finest marbles in the world; but nothing that I

have seen either in the Escurial, or in any other edifice, will bear a comparison with the floors and walls of the Glypthothek.

It is said, that this building is the King's hobby, —and a charming hobby it is, to watch the elevation and completion of so beautiful a monument to the Fine Arts,—nor less a monument to the good taste, and wise economy of a prince. Well indeed may the King of Bavaria enjoy a walk through the halls of his Glypthothek; and the reflexion, that although the Monarch of one of the smallest States, no head of the greatest Empire has reared so proud a trophy. As yet, the number of statues, and the relics of ancient sculpture, brought into the Glypthothek, are unsufficient to fill its halls; but the attention of the King is constantly directed towards the accumulation of objects that may be worthy of being received into so beautiful a temple,—and there is little doubt that ere long, the contents of the Glypthothek will be scarcely less worthy of admiration, than the building itself.

The King of Bavaria, although not a "Citi-

zen King," in the meaning in which that expression is used, when speaking of Louis Philip,—is a Citizen King in another and better meaning; his is not a Political, but a social Citizenship; and although he might not choose perhaps to sit down at table with Mr. Citizen, drummer of a National Guard, he will chat as familiarly with any of the workmen in the Glypthothek, as if he were the overseer; and will listen to the suggestion of a man with a mallet in his hand, as patiently—and even thankfully, as if he had not a Palace to go home to, and a Crown to put upon his head.

The King of even a small Kingdom, is an object of some interest,—it may be difficult to say why! but in the belief that the ingoings and outgoings of the King of Bavaria are worthy of record, I shall make no apology for informing the reader, that His Majesty rises at five o'clock the year round,—that immediately afterwards, he takes a basin of soup,—that about eleven, he breakfasts upon Coffee, &c.,—the Queen at the same time, breakfasting à la fourchette; that the

Royal Family dine at five,—and that His Majesty takes no supper. But with all these plain tastes and unostentatious habits, the King shows at times, that he has not forgotten he is a King. The usual state equipage is in no respect inferior to that of more powerful Monarchs,—and it is possible that the demeanour of a King may be dignified, at the same time that it is affable.

While I was at Munich it chanced to be the Fête Dieu,—which, in a Catholic country, is always one of the best opportunities a Traveller can have, of seeing the court, as well as the people. The Fête was conducted with sufficient splendour; and it afforded me an opportunity besides, of forming some judgment of the externals at least, of the Bavarian troops. There were several regiments of both horse and infantry; and I have seldom seen in any country, troops better dressed, or better accoutred, than these,—and I understood from those who had no prejudice, and who were well capable of judging, that they showed a state of excellent discipline,—and performed their evolutions with much precision.

Bavaria, I believe, is bound to furnish 40,000 men as its quota,—but it is understood that His Majesty could send 100,000 men into the field. The Fête Dieu was greatly honored at Munich. His Majesty and the Court showed all befitting humility; and the people paid to it the best of all marks of respect, by dressing themselves in their very best clothes; the streets were one blaze of silver and gold; and in the evening, all the public gardens resounded to the exhilirating sounds of music and dancing.

As I have spoken of the Fine Arts in this chapter, I may as well exhaust the subject, by including a visit to Schleisheim. This Palace is situated three leagues from Munich; the road is far from interesting; it leads in a straight line through a level and very poor country, between rows of ugly firs, and willow. The building itself is fine,—but entirely neglected, both in its interior, and in the grounds that surround it; and the gallery of pictures for which it was formerly remarkable, has been united with the Munich gallery, of which I have already spoken.

The gallery of ancient pictures,—using the word "ancient" in its real sense,—still remains; and will no doubt be a high treat to those genuine virtuosos, who look upon beauty as a very secondary consideration.

This gallery exhibits the progress of the art from the days of Cimabue,—and in works of the old German school, is no where surpassed. There are even preserved here, some paintings, said to be of a date long antecedent to the revival of letters and the Fine Arts,—among others, a picture referred to the eleventh century; and a portrait —one of the many, that the indefatigable Saint Luke is said to have painted. The series however, properly begins with Cimabue; and then follow innumerable pictures by Artists who were no doubt celebrated in their day; but whose works are now incapable of giving pleasure to any but an antiquarian. There are however, many curious, and interesting pictures of old Jean Holbein, and Martin Schön,—and Albert Dürer,—and Müller, and Burghmayer. Some few pictures also remain, by Weenix, Rem-

brandt, Ostade, Breughel, Gerard Dow, and Ruysdael, one of whose pictures,—a road through a forest,—I yet often recollect with pleasure.

It has sometimes occurred to me as matter of surprize when I have walked through galleries like those of Schleishiem,—and even in walking through any picture gallery, that no one has ever thought of forming a gallery,—the principle of selection being beauty only; including whatever is beautiful in nature, but rejecting whatever that word would exclude, however curious, or even however talented,—a gallery, containing Angels, and Childrens, and Lambs, such as Murillo painted,—Nymphs and Venuses, such as rose under the hand of Titian or Albano,—Magdalens, like Corregio's, and Madonnas like Da Vinci's,—and sweet scenes of inanimate nature, or of the busy and the still mingled together—like those that have been created by the genius of a Claude a Breughel, a Cuyp, a Ruysdael, a Hobbima, a Van-der-Velde, or a Canaletto. I would have no Dutch boors, even if painted by the hand of Ostade or Dow,—no harsh featured

old misers, or attenuated Saints, even if from the hand of Rembrandt, or Espanoletto,—no Martyrdom of holy men, or massacres of the Innocents, even if produced from the workshop of Rubens or Caracci. I would have exquisite painting, illustrating beautiful subjects: it is then, that the "Divine Art" is the most divine.

CHAPTER VII.

MUNICH.

The prison of Munich, and details, and reflections; Hospitals, Churches, and Public Institutions.

I was greatly pleased by a visit to the Prison of Munich. The principle of this excellently regulated establishment is, that every one in it, gains his own bread. Every prisoner is obliged to work at his own trade,—so that there is no kind of handicraft that is not going on within the Prison walls. It is like a general manufactory, —Carpenters, Blacksmiths, Saddlers, Tailors, Shoemakers, Dyers,—all are seen plying their trades: but no one is forced to work beyond what is necessary for his sustenance; whatever he gains by his labour, more than suffices to maintain him, is kept until the term of his imprison-

ment expires; and is then given to him,—deducting a quota for the expences of the establishment. There is a separate workshop, alotted to each trade; the Prisoners work in company,—and are permitted to converse upon allowed topics—overseers being of course present. Shortly before I visited the Prison, a man whose term of punishment had expired, received no less than 800 florins (about £83 ster.) upon leaving the Prison. Criminals who are admitted at so early an age as not to have yet learnt a trade, are permitted to make choice of one, which is taught to them. Women, (who are rigorously separated from the male Prisoners,) follow their trades also; we see embroidery, stocking weaving, straw-hat making and plaiting, and all the other kinds of labour in which women are engaged: women who have been servants before, are servants still,—cooks are cooks,—housemaids—housemaids. In fact, the interior service of the Prison is performed by the Criminals,—and all their wants are supplied by themselves, or their neighbours. I tasted the soup and meat in the

kitchen, and the bread in the bakehouse; and found both excellent.

The proceeds of the sale of articles made in the Prison, (i. e. the surplus remaining after the expences of the establishment have been paid, and the Prisoners maintained,) to be kept for the benefit of the Prisoners themselves, generally amounts to nearly 50,000 florins,—upwards of £6000 per annum,—a sum, which, properly applied, as it doubtless is, cannot fail to produce most important results upon the future lives of the Prisoners for whose benefit it is intended.

I saw some Prisoners confined for life; for crimes, which in England would have sent them to the gallows: these are tasked to a certain quantity of work, and maintain themselves, and benefit the state at the same time. No one has been executed at Munich since the year 1821. By a singularly humane enactment, Prisoners for life are allowed some indulgences that are denied to those whose punishment is for a limited term. It is thought for example, a fair and proper aggravation of punishment, that the use of

tobacco should be prohibited to those who may hope by good conduct and industry, to be restored after a time, to the world, with the means of subsistence, and even of rational enjoyment; but this is considered an unnecessary cruelty towards a man whose punishment terminates only with his life.

The utmost cleanliness and simplicity pervades every department of this excellent establishment; a proper discipline, and just restraint, are united to those arrangements that ensure the health and improvement of the Prisoners; and the building itself, is one of the most complete that I have ever seen set apart for the correction of Criminals. There is one singular part of the establishment—a Phalanx of very large and fierce dogs, which during the night, are turned loose into the open space that surrounds the Prison, and are a sufficient security against escape. When I visited the Prison, there were six hundred and sixty six persons confined, one hundred and forty of whom, were women.

A detail like the above, may well lead to

important reflexion. The adaptation of punishment to crime,—as well as the true end of punishment, have always been deep and important problems in legislation; and it is certainly the duty of the legislature to collect from every source, information that may direct them right in this matter.

The system pursued in the Prison of Munich, appears to unite all the advantages that ought to be aimed at in legislating upon crime and punishment. The State is not burdened with the expense of transporting Prisoners to distant Colonies, or of maintaining them at home,—nor is the Criminal turned out of Prison, without a stiver in his pocket, left to the mercy of a hard judging world.

The two great objects ought unquestionably to be, correction of the Criminal's habits while under punishment,—and some security, that when punishment ends, these corrected habits may continue. It is well understood now, though not acted upon, that the punishment of crime does not deter others from the commission of it; and

that therefore, the two objects above stated are the only wise and legitimate objects of punishment.

Solitary imprisonment—which finds many advocates—may effect the first; but cannot effect the second of these objects: nor does it even always certainly effect the first object—that of correction. It may, or it may not: some minds may be tamed and tutored by it,—and the awfulness of solitude, and the weary, but only resource of reflexion, must no doubt often produce an advantageous result: but minds of a different complexion may be hardened by solitude: impatience of its loneliness, may produce a bitterness and doggedness of feeling; and reflexion, in place of leading to wholesome meditation, may run in a wrong channel. But, at all events, whatever may be the effects of this punishment in correcting the habits, or rather, in improving the mind of the Prisoner, its benefit ceases with its term; and it is impossible to conceive a case of greater cruelty, than that of a Criminal who after being trained by a long course of punishment, for habits of ho-

nesty and industry, is then thrown loose upon the world, with no temptation to the one, or call upon the other.

I cannot for my own part, conceive any system so perfectly adapted for the correction of idle and profligate courses, as daily employment in the trade to which a felon has been accustomed, in his innocent days,—with a knowledge, that his industry is not only procuring him his daily bread; but that it is forming for him a little stock, by which when his confinement is over, he may carry with him, a claim to the consideration of others,—which is the surest foundation of self-respect: it seems a return to honest days: he is again a tradesman, living by his labour,—and laying by the surplus from his necessities; nor am I sure that the society and conversation of others, actuated like himself, by similar feelings, and with similar hopes, under the Surveillance of proper persons, is any bar to an improvement in his feelings. Few men, are bettered by continued solitude,—however advantageous occasional retirement may be; and if something be subtracted

from the severity of punishment, by permitting under proper restraints, an intercourse among the Prisoners, it is amply compensated by other advantages. It would be impossible indeed, to combine solitary imprisonment with the system pursued in the Prison of Munich,—because it would be impossible to have a separate forge for every blacksmith, who indeed cannot work alone,—or a separate workshop for every saddler or carpenter.

The Munich system appears in fact, to come as near perfection, as any human Institution can. To be faultless, is a vain hope; to err as little as possible, is all that can be reasonably desired. Whether as respects the State,—the offender,—or society, it seems to accomplish all that legislation can hope for.

The demands of public justice are satisfied without any expence to the Revenue; but on the contrary with an advantage. The constant labour of six or eight hundred persons, increases the product of national industry, and therefore enriches the State,—which is also a gainer in another way.

Many of the army accoutrements,—saddles,—caps, knapsacks, and belts,—shoes, horse shoes, and clothing, are produced from Prison labour; and although the Prisoners be paid for their labour, there is no injustice in paying for it at a somewhat lower rate, than it could be obtained for in the free market. Prison maintenance,—in which no kind of strong drink forms any part—costs but an inconsiderable sum, so that the surplus is always sufficient to form a respectable fund at the conclusion of the punishment.

Then, if we pass from the State which is benefited, to the offender,—we find a result still more important: industrious habits are recovered,—or formed; the desire of acquisition is addressed,—and the hope of respectability engendered. There are but few men rogues from choice; idleness and poverty—twin sisters, are the fruitful mothers of crime; and after the offender has thus expiated his crime, and in expiating it, improved his own habits and character, he is placed in the world, with a desire for gaining his bread in an honest way, and with the means of subsistence

until he finds employment, or travels to that part of the Kingdom where he may expect to meet friends. It is true, that in some cases the freed offender may squander his money, and recur to his old practices; but it is more likely that he will not; and that the possession of a sum of money greater perhaps than he ever had before, will produce its usual effect,—a desire of adding to it.

Upon a matter of this kind nothing can be so satisfactory as facts. I took some pains to ascertain the result, as far as those in the management of the Prison could inform me; and I learnt that in but few cases, offenders were committed a second time,—and that those who had been dismissed with the largest sums, had in no instance returned. Many of the young who had been taught trades in the Prison, were respectable handicraftsmen and tradesmen,—and crime was yearly on the decrease.

As for the results of the system on society, these appear to be equally favorable to society, as to the State, and upon the Criminal himself. Little more argument is needed in proof of this,

than that crime diminishes under the system; and it cannot surely require any proof in favor of so clear a position, as that society is less likely to be injured by the return of some thousands of felons, with improved habits, and money in their pockets, than by an equal number of pennyless vagabonds let loose upon it. With respect to the delusion of severe punishment deterring from crime, it is perfectly well known that the contrary is the fact; that whenever the enactments of law cease to be in accordance with men's opinions, they become worse than useless,—that sympathy with the Criminal and not respect for the law is engered,—and that evil thoughts are born in the very sight of exemplary punishment. Thieves, Forgers, and Incendiaries, have sprung into existence in front of a gallows,—and a man hanging in chains, on a moonlight heath, has begotten a murderer.

I ought perhaps to apologize for the length of these remarks; but the system pursued in the Prison of Munich seemed to be so founded on both wisdom and humanity, that I felt it to be al-

most a duty, to enlarge upon a subject which so well deserves public consideration.

Munich is rich in those establishments which profess to relieve or ameliorate men's physical condition. There is an Institution for the reception of the poor, which are of two classes,—those who are unable to work; and those who are unable to procure it. The first class are received, without any other recommendation than helplessness and indigence, and are clothed,—lodged, and fed. The second class are furnished with employment suitable to their capacity. There, as in the Prison, every trade is carried on; and in consideration of their labour, the poor are provided for, so long as they choose to remain upon the establishment. The number belonging to the second class while I was in Munich, amounted to 1487. This Institution is supported, partly by royal donation, and partly by private benevolence.

The general hospital is another noble Institution. The building, in the construction of which, every modern improvement has been introduced,

is capable of containing from 7 to 800 sick persons. These are divided into three classes; those who are received gratuitously,—which of course includes by far the greater number; those who pay an annual subscription of four florins (nearly 11s.) for the privilege of the hospital at all times when required,—and those strangers, or persons in a superior rank of life, who wish to be no inconvenience or burden to friends, and who, by paying thirty kreutzer per day, are received into the common ward,—or, by paying about 3s. ster. per day, are accommodated with a private chamber, and attendant, nourishment, medical advice and remedies,—and with all, in short, that the most skilful physicians may consider necessary towards the cure of a disease. This is certainly a splendid, and humane Institution. A noble garden is attached to it,—whose fine walks, pleasant shades, flowers, and freshness, are well suited to assist in the re-establishment of health.

Besides these hospitals,—there is the hospital of the Holy Spirit, under the superintendance of charitable persons—a military hospital,—a luna-

tic asylum,—a foundling and lying-in hospital, an orphan's hospital, and several smaller establishments for the treatment of particular classes of disease.

The churches of so Catholic a city as Munich, are of course sufficiently numerous,—the three principal, are, the Cathedral,—St. Michael, and St. Theatins. I have no talent at describing churches,—and think besides, that a Traveller may fill his book with something better. A few words however may be allowed. The Cathedral church of "Notre Dame"—sombre, and of the Gothic stile of the fifteenth century, contains a mausoleum of the Emperor Louis of Bavaria in black marble, bronze, and does great credit to the design of Candit. The towers of this church is 333 feet in height, and for the trouble of an ascent, I thought myself well rewarded by a view over almost all ancient Bavaria. The church of St. Michael is a beautiful piece of architecture, in the best Italian style,—but although containing some good sculpture and fine marbles, it is too much loaded with a profusion of gilding and

stucco, and shows in every part, its Jesuitical origin, having been orginally the church of the College of Jesuits, The Church of the Theatins, deserves merely to be named,—but not to be dwelt upon.

Neither is Munich deficient in Institutions for the improvement of the intellectual condition. The chief of these is the "Academy of Sciences" attached to which, is a Library,—a Museum of Natural History,—an Anatomical Institute,—a Botanical Garden,—an Observatory,—a Cabinet of Coins and Medals,—and a Repertory of Antiquities. The Library in particular deserves notice, both on account of its very great extent,—and of its valuable contents. The Library was founded at a very early epoch, by Duke Albert; and so early as the year 1595, we find an ordinance of Maximilian I. desiring every convent to send a list of whatever literary documents it was possessed; and all books and manuscripts acquired during the thirty year's war found their way to this Library. But it is rather its actual condition, than its history, that I would dilate

upon. It contains at present four hundred thousand volumes,—arranged in no fewer than fifty four different apartments: and in manuscripts, the Library is no less rich than in printed works. We find three hundred oriental manuscripts, among which is a Koran of extreme beauty, a Malabar Poem written on Palm tree leaves; two hundred and fifty Hebrew manuscripts,—five hundred and eighty Greek manuscripts, among which, is a Thucydides, of the eleventh century, and the Gospels, in three volumes, of the eighth century; and eight thousand Latin, French, German, and Italian manuscripts. Among these, are found, a copy of the Evangelists in Latin, of the eleventh century, in gold and silver characters, written on purple parchment. The Psalms, with the musical score, by Orlando Lasso,—illustrated by curious miniatures by Mielich—a Prayer book by Anthony Simbaldus, of the fourth century, with very fine embellishments: the Prayer book of the Emperor Louis Fourth,—a Theodosian code, of the fifth century: an Augustine code of the eighth century: a Boccacio of the year 1458:

a codex traditionum Ecclesiæ Ravenatensis, of the 9th century, written on Papyrus of Egypt,—and a very great variety of curious early German manuscripts, particularly Poetry. There are also very many books referable to the first era of printing,—some of them containing fac-similes of the early Reformers,—and illustrated by designs of Albert Durer. I noticed, among others, the Latin Bible of Fust and Guttemberg, of 1450,—and that of Fust Schöffer of 1462, finely illustrated by Luc Cranach : the offices of Cicero ; printed in 1465, and another, in 1466, and Schöffers curious and rare work on insects and frogs. From this Catalogue, it will be sufficiently apparent, that Munich is scarcely less celebrated for the extent and value of its Library, than for the riches of its picture gallery.

The Cabinet of natural history (attached to the same Institution : the Academy of Sciences) is also well worthy of a visit. This is considered to be one of the most complete, and best arranged in Europe. The collection of birds, is beautiful, numerous, and in excellent preservation. The

butterflies are no less rare and numerous. The mineral cabinet is rich and extensive, and is arranged with that strict regard to order and system, which adds so greatly to the value of such collections, as regards the instruction of the Public ; and which is so agreeable to the eye of even the unlearned. In the same Cabinet, an apartment is dedicated to the reception of works of art and industry.

In connexion with the same Institution, is the Botanic garden. This beautiful garden covers thirteen acres: and in the taste displayed in its arrangement, as well as the perfect order in which it is kept, it maintains fully, the high character of all the public Institutions of the Bavarian capital. Classification may be seen in many of the Botanic gardens of European cities, but taste and classification blended, is of rarer occurrence. Among other peculiarities of this garden, there is a small lake, which is made subservient to the cultivation of all aquatic plants. Besides innumerable trees and shrubs, there are upwards of twenty thousand plants cultivated in the open air:

and an immensely large greenhouse, of chaste architecture, contains thousands of those exotics which are too delicate to bear the climate of Bavaria, and which are arranged in six divisions, to which different degrees of temperature are communicated.

I have yet to say a few words of the Cabinets of medals, and of antiquities; both, also within the jurisdiction of the Academy of sciences.

The Cabinet of Medals was founded by Albert V. and in the reign of Maximilian I. a beautiful specimen of art was constructed for the reception of the Medals, by a Bavarian named Angermayer. It is of Lapis Lazuli; adorned with bas-reliefs; of the most charming workmanship. The present King of Bavaria has not neglected this, among the many departments in virtu, to which he has dedicated his leisure, and his revenue. The Cabinet is well arranged, and contains at present upwards of ten thousand Greek and Roman Medals in gold,—with innumerable Medals and coins of modern days; and a fine collection of precious stones. The Cabinet of antiquities contains many

precious relics of past days : some of these, the most valuable of course, are destined to adorn the Halls of the Glypthothek.

Besides the Academy of Sciences, several other Institutions contributing to mental instruction, are found in Munich,—among others, the Royal Institute, in which Philosophy, Mathematics, History, the Latin and Greek Languages, and Philology, are taught; a medical school, gratuitous; a military,—and a veterinary school,—an Institution called, the Seminary, in which music, dancing, design, geography, and the living languages are taught. All the students live within the Seminary, and for board, lodging, and education, pay the sum of 240 florins (£28 ster.) each.

Nor is the education of the female sex neglected in Munich. There is a Seminary or College, for the education of sixty young ladies, daughters of gentlemen to whom the charges of instruction would be a burden. The King nominates to the vacancies; and pays all the expences of the establishment, which was instituted in the year 1813. An equal number with the gratuitous élèves, are

admitted, upon paying the sum of two hundred florins at entry, and four hundred florins per annum; and in this Seminary, every branch of useful knowledge, and every elegant accomplishment are taught.

There is also in the Bavarian capital, a Sunday school upon a very extensive plan: when I visited Munich, there were no fewer than one thousand six hundred and twenty-nine scholars, with sixteen masters, who taught their pupils morals,—the principles of physics,—geography, natural history,—chemistry, and geometry. Attached to the institution, there is a useful library,—a physical and chemical apparatus,—models of machines, &c. This school is frequented chiefly by the sons of Artisans, to whom all the instructions are communicated gratuitously,—and it is not on Sunday's only, but on fête days also, which in a catholic country are too often lost to utility, that this Institution offers its advantages. Add to all these; an agricultural school, an institution for the encouragement of national industry, and an Academy of the Fine Arts, which I have already

mentioned, and it will be admitted, that the capital of Bavaria is scarcely less distinguished by its useful establishments, than by the opportunities it offers for the advancement of the Arts, and Letters.

CHAPTER VIII.

MUNICH.

The people; manners; religion; condition of the lower orders; prices; summary of attractions; historic glance; excursions in the neighbourhood.

The people of Munich cannot be called a sombre people; they are of the gayer class of Germans; fond of amusement and holidays, but willing to be sober and industrious, when sobriety and industry are called for. I need scarcely observe, after what I have already said, that the women are fond of dress, which generally betokens, or begets love of admiration. I know few towns where the women are more seen, than in Munich; and so universal is the practice of looking out of the window, that almost every window is provided with a cushion on the outside, for the

arms to lean upon; and these cushions being generally of a gaudy colour, give a grotesque air to the external appearance of the houses.

Music, and the promenade, and the dance occasionally, are the summer recreations of the inhabitants: different ranks enjoy these in different ways: the upper ranks have their private concerts and the opera,—promenade en voiture; and dance at home,—the Bourgeois classes, have the Military and Bourgeois bands,—promenade in the gardens, and waltz in an arbour. As far as I could learn, the Bavarians hold a higher rank in the scale of morals, than several of the other Germanic nations; and the lower orders are certainly not addicted to intemperance, although both beer and spirit are cheap throughout Bavaria. The beer is excellent too,—and is the liquor generally drunk in the Cafés.

Bavaria is completely Catholic, in the general feelings of the people. Among the lower orders there is decidedly much bigotry and superstition. Images of the Virgin, and of Saints, are very commonly seen in private houses, particularly in

bed-rooms; mass is always well attended both in Munich and in the country,—and Bavaria furnishes a very large quota of the misguided pilgrims, who every year journey from all parts, to pay their adorations at the shrine of the miraculous image, preserved in the Abbey of Einseideln in Switzerland.

I have already said, that in Munich, there is little of misery to be seen; and generally, throughout the country, the people, though for the most part labourers, and not proprietors, do not present an appearance of much poverty. The price of labour is indeed low, seldom exceeding half a florin per day, 1s. 2d.; and more frequently, falling considerably below this sum; but provisions are generally cheap, especially country produce; and habits are simple. However indicative of natural prosperity, high wages may be, the condition of the lower orders is not greatly influenced by this prosperity.—for a high price of labour is but the consequence of a high scale of prices in other things, and of excessive taxation. If meat were but 2d. or 2½d. per lb., bread

1d. per lb. and other articles in proportion, an English labourer would not find himself impoverished by a Bavarian rate of wages. I know, that such a state of things could not exist in a great commercial country ; but in travelling among the continental nations, one is often forced to admit the truth, that the comfort of the lower orders, and national greatness are not synonimous. The prices of provisions in Munich differ not greatly from the prices of Augsburg,—excepting butter, which is nearly three times higher. House rent also, in Munich, is double that of Augsburg.

I do not know any city, which is altogether more deserving a visit than Munich; a few weeks may be spent there most agreeably ; especially by those who cultivate a knowledge of the Fine Arts. An hour or two, every morning, may be delightfully employed in one or other of the galleries, or in the Glypthothek. The place Maximilian, and the avenue of Schwabing, are always full of gaiety and variety ; a perfect shade may at all times be found in the Court garden, near the

centre of the town; while the English garden affords a longer and more varied promenade; carriages of all kinds may be hired at a remarkably cheap rate, for drives or excursions; an Opera, surpassed by few in Europe, and at a small cost, is open at least twice in the week,—and every night, excellent Military music, may be heard in the public walks; civility is everywhere found,—and easy access is obtained to literary and musical clubs. Add to all this, the comforts and luxuries that await one in the hotel of the Black Eagle in the Kaufinger Gasse. I sat down every day at the table d'Hôte with a varied and pleasant party of at least thirty persons,—and to a dinner that would not have disgraced the Rocher de Cancale. An agreeable band of wind instruments played in an adjoining room; and all this, wine included, cost but one florin.

Munich is a very ancient city; but its origin is, like most other towns, lost in the obscurity of remote ages. Mention is made of it in ancient documents under the name of Muonichen, Mounichen, Mounchen (almost the present name Mün-

chen) and Mounichinga,—all of them doubtless derivations of the German word Mönch (Monk), from which, it may be reasonably presumed, that it owed its origin to some fraternity of Monks in very ancient days; for in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, Munich was a considerable Burgh; and was a city in 1175. In more modern times, since the year 1632, when Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden entered it, Munich has been often the scene of struggle, and the victim of incendiarism; and during the thirty years' war, suffered more perhaps than any other city of the Germanic Empire. The embellishments of Munich, began with Louis the Severe; and seem to have been never altogether lost sight of by the Dukes of Bavaria; but, for the present King, the honor has been reserved, of raising his capital to the rank which in beauty and interest, it is well entitled to hold among the continental cities.

There are several places in the neighbourhood, or at a short distance from Munich, worthy of a visit; and to these, I devoted a few days before leaving the Bavarian capital. My visit to Schlie-

sheim, I have already mentioned. The next excursion which I made, was to Nymphenbourg, one of the Royal Palaces; part of the Palace is fitted up in the antique style; and part is modern; but it is everywhere either gorgeous or tasteful. The apartments of the King in particular, are fitted up with a regard for comfort more than for display. The admirers of fine tapestry, will also find much to attract their attention. The garden and artificial water are well laid out, and to those who are fond of seeing abundance of deer, pheasants, black swans, and other curious birds, a day spent at Nymphenbourg will leave pleasant recollections behind it. Dachau also, now a ruin; once a castle of the celebrated Otto of Wittelsback,—and Arlaching, another ruin—once the residence of Claude de Lorrain, are both worthy of a visit.

Staremberg required the sacrifice of two or three days. This is a lake, and a village, situated five leagues from Munich. I took advantage of the public conveyance; and reached Staremberg to a late breakfast. Although this lake has not

the magnificence or variety of a Swiss lake, it is not without its charm : the water is very limpid ; and its shores, gently sloping, are covered with greenness and fertility : country seats, villages and churches, dot the neighbouring banks ; and the summits of the Alps rise in the distance. The gardener at the Royal Castle keeps a small Inn ; and there, one may eat of the delicious fish called Rengen,—and taste how superior is the flavour of vegetables that are grown in a King's garden.

My intention was, to have travelled from Munich through the central parts of Germany, and all my arrangements had been made for that purpose ; but a singular chance altered these plans and sent me to the Tyrol.

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNEY FROM MUNICH THROUGH THE BAVARIAN ALPS.

A sudden resolution; French not the universal language; the Tyrol little visited, and why! the plain of Bavaria; the Iser; approach to the Tyrolean Alps; the Kochel-see, and charming scenery; the Wallen-see; walk to Mittewald, the last town of Bavaria; people and cottages.

The weather since my arrival in Munich had been cloudy; and the day having been particularly unfavourable when I ascended to the summit of the tower of Notre Dame a few days after my arrival, I resolved to repeat the ascent the last day of my residence there; and rising a little earlier than usual, from the table d'Hôte, I was soon standing on the summit, with the man who undertakes to point out to the stranger, the limits of ancient Bavaria. The atmosphere was perfectly clear,—and the immense plain of Bava-

ria was seen like a coloured map, below, bounded by a long range of mountains that formed the southern horizon. I must admit my deficiency in geographical knowledge, in asking the man who stood by, what mountains these were? but of late years, there has been so much patching up, and slicing off kingdoms, that one may well be excused in being puzzled with their boundaries. This, at least, is the only excuse I am able to offer, for requesting to know the name of the mountains, which my guide pointed out as the boundary of Bavaria on the South. "These," said he, "are the Bavarian Alps," "and what country lies on the other side?" "the Tyrol."

I had intended as I have already told the reader, to have gone next day to Passau,—Bohemia, and God knows where else; but my plans were changed in a moment. "The Tyrol!" said I to myself,—"I know almost as little about the Tyrol as the Celestial Empire;" and to the Tyrol, I accordingly resolved to go. I straightway returned to the Hotel,—dismissed half a dozen voituriers, who were striving which of them

should carry me off to Passau and Prague,—hurried to my bankers, and got Austrian for Bavarian money,—and letters upon Inspruck,—went once more to the Opera to hear Mlle. Schechner; and at six next morning, was seated in a calèche, on my way to the Bavarian Alps and the Tyrol.

Let the direction of a traveller from Munich, be what it may, he has no occasion to hire a voiture, exprès: return vehicles are almost daily setting out on all the great roads, and information upon this subject, is conveyed to those who stand in need of it, in the most public way. In several of the principal streets, particularly in the Kaufinger-Gasse; and in the Theatiner-Strasse, boards are displayed with the names of the towns to which carriages are about to return, and the days upon which they set out; and a good bargain maker may always contrive to travel in this way at an easier rate, than he could, by a public conveyance, if any such travelled that way. I think for seven florins per day, about 16s. 6d. English, one may generally find this accommodation; and to those Travellers who do not speak either Ger-

man or Italian, but who foolishly imagine that French, "the universal language" will carry them through Europe, it may be agreeable to know, that the master of the hotel where one resides, is always ready to arrange the terms of a bargain—better certainly, than a traveller, ignorant of the language, could make without his assistance; but scarcely so good as one acquainted with the language, could make for himself; for reasons which will be obvious to every one.

It is certainly too common an error, to suppose that a good knowledge of French, is sufficient for the wants of a traveller. French will carry a traveller through the Netherlands, the southern parts of Holland and some of the cantons of Switzerland, with perfect comfort; through the north of Italy, the other parts of Holland, and others of the Swiss cantons, without extraordinary inconvenience; and in all the cities of both Italy and Germany, it is true that some person may always be found, to whom French is intelligible, if not familiar; and in the higher grades of society through all Europe, a traveller who

understands French well, will never, or rarely, be at fault. But more is required by the traveller than all this. French will not even obtain for him, the common necessaries of the day in some parts of Germany, particularly in the east. It will do nothing for him in the Tyrol,—or in the Swiss Grisons; he would starve upon it in Hungary, and Turkey; and grow thin upon it in southern Italy; as well as in Sweden, and Denmark. As for Spain, I do not include it, because travellers eschew its ventas and banditti; but a traveller might as well go to Spain with a knowledge of Sanscrit as of French; for it is entirely a mistake to suppose, that the occupation of Spain by the French army, caused any general diffusion of the French language.

Besides,—in many of those countries and district in which a knowledge of French will procure the common needs of a traveller, it will procure nothing more,—it will not command advice,—still less information. A traveller through the German cantons of Switzerland, or through any part of Germany, and many parts of Italy,

although he may very probably find a French waiter in the hotel, may ask in vain for any information upon the road, and will most probably be seated every day at a table d'Hôte between two persons who know nothing of French beyond "Monsieur," or "voulez vous."

It is difficult to understand why the Tyrol should be so little visited; there are few countries of which we hear more,—few, with which we so readily connect a fine romantic region,—and noble peasantry; and yet, while Switzerland, which lies as one may say next door, is overrun by tourists, scarcely any one deviates from the beaten track, to visit this land of romantic associations, and patriot recollections. But in truth, it is difficult to entice the tourist from the beaten path,—still more difficult, if in quitting it, comforts must be left behind also; and sure I am, that the few who are enticed to journey through the Tyrol, have no cause to regret, that it has been left to its primitive manners, and simple usages.

The access to Switzerland is easy on all sides;

but it is otherwise with the Tyrol—'tis but stepping into a diligence for Geneva, any morning in the Rue de Buloi; or into the steam-boat at Cologne; or even at the Thames Stairs,—and the traveller also, who visits Italy, either crosses the Simplon or the Spleugen, and so, en passant, gets a glance at Switzerland; and the Tyrol is thus left out. But it must be admitted, that the access to it, is inconvenient. One must either make a circuit of part of Bavaria, and cross the Bavarian Alps as I am about to do; or else, travel through the two Grison valleys of the Engadine, which no traveller who relishes the récherché dinners, and luxurious accommodation of the Swiss hotels on the beaten road, will be inclined to do. This is all very pardonable. Tourists most commonly travel for enjoyment; and it would be hard indeed if in sacrificing fire-side comforts,—among which, roast beef, port wine, tea and toast must be included, one did not find even the poor substitutes of Côtelette à la maintenen,—sour vin ordinaire,—and café au lait. But let me now return to my journey.

An extensive plain possesses few charms for the traveller; it can only be rendered tolerable by the great fertility of its soil,—and by the variety and luxuriance of its vegetation; but as the plain which lies to the south of Munich, is destitute of even these attractions, it was pleasant to see the towers of the Cathedral lessen behind me; and the long line of mountains that stretch from east to west, rise into the dignity befitting the natural boundary of the Tyrol. Conferences and councils may deliberate, and resolve upon, and treaties determine, the boundaries of kingdoms; this, may be given to one; and that, taken from another; but their natural boundaries remain unchanged.

I would not be understood as underrating the fertility of the great plain of Bavaria; which has indeed by its productiveness, earned a title to be called the Granary of Germany. I have heard a farmer say, that the most beautiful sight in nature is a corn field; and there is no doubt, that the mingling of corn fields with other scenery, is beautiful in the eyes of others than farmers, or

utilitarians. But in a northern latitude, natural productions are not so varied as to relieve the monotony which a plain exhibits, even when covered with a boundless reach of corn fields.

The road from Munich to the Tyrol, lies during the first six leagues, along the bank of the Iser; but the sluggish course of a river creeping through a plain, adds little to its beauty,—though at every league farther from Munich, the Iser becomes more rapid and more interesting; though of course, gradually diminishing in volume. The Iser is however, a useful channel to the capital, —and contributes greatly towards the prosperity of southern Bavaria; for by its means, a ready market is found in the metropolis, for agricultural produce; and Munich also benefits by this facility of communication. The fruits of the Tyrol, may every day be seen in the Munich markets.

All this part of Bavaria is populous; villages and farm houses lie thickly along the line of road; and I everywhere observed the evidences of industry, and proofs of its reward, in the cheerful countenances, and respectable appear-

ance of the peasantry. At Wolfertshausen, we stopped to breakfast; and here, the road crosses the Iser, and ascends the margin of another stream which takes its rise in a lake higher up. At this place, an employé in the Bavarian civil service,—on his way to Mittewald, where he held an office in the customs,—requested a place in my caleche till night; to which I of course assented: I found in him, an intelligent and agreeable companion; he was a lover of the Fine Arts, like very many of his countrymen,—and had been at Munich for the third time in his life, chiefly for the purpose of seeing the gallery. He had himself, a little collection as he told me, at Mittewald,—and was carrying home a cabinet picture, "Pan and Mercury playing on the flute," by Both, as he said, for which he had paid sixty florins (£7 ster.) It was probably not by Both; but was a clever thing whoever it was by, and worth much more than was paid for it. I can scarcely conceive any greater folly than esteeming pictures solely on account of the studio from which they have issued: a good picture is good

whoever painted it,—and ought to be judged by its merits; for it is well known that many an indifferent production has issued from the workshop of a master.

Two leagues farther than Wolfertshausen, lies Benedikthenern; and here, the plain of Bavaria begins to lose itself in the first outposts of the Bavarian Alps. Beyond this place, the face of the country entirely changes; streams dance accross and by the road side; pretty knolls are scattered around,—and we discover with delight, the indications of an approach to a mountainous country. This is always agreeable: there is something depressing in the boundless level of a plain; and both the body and the mind feel the heaviness; but when we enter upon a mountainous country, an immediate elasticity is communicated to the mind, and a springiness to the limbs; and for my own part, when upon such occasions I have been travelling in a carriage, I have never been able to resist the inclination I have felt, to let my limbs bear me up the path, and to outstrip the tardy pace of toiling horses.

At every step, the road now became more interesting; there were sudden bursts of Cascades, —sudden cries of wild birds,—sudden gleams of distant lakes; the knolls had swelled into hills; and pine and oak, in place of willows and poplars fringed their sides. At length, the road after winding among these beautiful heights, suddenly opened upon the Kochel-see, one end of which, is hidden among the mountains,—while the other, rests among the green and gentle slopes of Bavaria. The Kochel-see may vie with any lake; it reminded me strongly of Loch Ketturin in Scotland,—only, that it sleeps in a still ruder basin; and that the mountains which admit its head into their bosom, are more gigantic. It is indeed possible, that after having been confined a month to the monotony of a plain, with nothing more picturesque to look upon than occasionally a jardin Anglais, the first view of untamed nature exhibited in the Kochel-see and its environs, may have given me a fictitious notion of its beauty; but, nevertheless; with a full recollection of the lakes of Switzerland, I do not hesitate to say, that if

the Kochel-see lay in travelled Switzerland, it would not be omitted in an enumeration of those lakes to which that country owes so large a portion of its celebrity.

Nor is the Kochel-see the only lake that lies among the Bavarian Alps. After leaving the Kochel see, we ascended a steep wooded path,—sometimes descending into deep dells; and sometimes crossing them by picturesque bridges; and in about an hour, having reached a considerable elevation, another lake lay beneath; this was the Wolchen-see or Wallen-see,—a lake of a totally different character from the Kochel-see, but no less beautiful in its kind. There, nature was the undisputed Lord; man had done nothing; the lake lay in the bosom of mountains, wooded to the summit: an unbroken forest surrounded it,—without a rood of cultivation anywhere to be seen. It was more a Norwegian, than an Alpine picture. The road descended to the margin, and then wound along it, following all its indentures and curves; and a little after sunset, we reached a solitary house,—an inn; the only house that

was visible around the lake.

There, my companion, the Bavarian employé, took leave of me for the present, but not without exacting a promise that I would spend the next day with him at Mittewald, where he undertook to equip me with a fishing rod,—and promised me half a day's excellent sport. He was at this place about three leagues from home; and anxious to join his family, he took his picture under his arm,—and strode away. A supper of excellent fish, and other country fare was an agreeable finish to the delightful evening journey,—and after a stroll by the margin of the lake, whose still bosom reflected round and round, the solemn shades of the deep woods, I returned to the little inn,—and to repose; deep and tranquil as the scene around.

Next morning, charming as ever dawned upon Alpine solitudes,—I was on the road to Mittewald: but not in my calèche. I had bargained at Munich for a conveyance only during the first day,—willing to avoid the toil of a walk through a plain; and with the intention of commencing

pedestrianism whenever I should reach the mountains. I had accordingly left my portmanteau in charge with the voiturier, who seemed an honest creature, to carry it forward to Inspruck,—and leaving both him and his vehicle reposing at Wallen-see, I had started soon after sun-rise, that I might not disappoint my companion of the day before, who expected me to breakfast.

It was a delightful morning's walk; the scenery much the same as I have described it to have been the night before. I passed several cottages and hamlets however,—some of them the habitations of woodmen,—and most of them having a little cultivated ground cleared from the wood, producing vegetables, flax and oats. If I had passed such cottages in Switzerland, half a score of children would have run out to beg charity—republican children, with republican fathers sitting at the door; but here, in Monarchical Bavaria, not one of the children who were playing about the cottages, made any claim; and I noticed, that they, as well as their parents, were respectably dressed,—and seemed to be above want. I

passed several very small lakes on this morning's walk; some of them touching the road,—and others, gleaming in deep and distant hollows, like mirrors set in a rugged frame; for they all partook of the same character as the Wallen-see, —all wild,—and entirely surrounded by forest.

About two hours after leaving the Wallen-see, I again joined company with the river Iser,—scarcely to be recognized as the grave slow companion of yesterday, creeping its way through the plain of Munich,—now all bustle, and never lagging by the way,—prattling of a hundred things, grave and gay,—never weary,—discoursing ever, —talking, and running on. At this point, there is a little village—merely a few houses—called Walgau; and about three quarters of a league farther up the stream, lies Mittewald where I arrived about nine o'clock, well disposed to partake of the breakfast which was awaiting me.

CHAPTER X.

JOURNEY FROM THE FRONTIER, THROUGH THE TYROLEAN ALPS TO INSPRUCK.

The menage of a Bavarian employé,—the Fine Arts among the mountains; trouting; entrance to the Tyrol; scenery; wild flowers; Seefeld; descent to the valley of the Inn; Zirl; dress of the Tyrolean peasantry; situation of Inspruck.

Mittewald is a very small town in the midst of the mountains; the last in the kingdom of Bavaria, and within a stone throw of the frontier of the Tyrol and the Austrian eagle. The Iser, then but a very small stream, runs by it; and another mountain rivulet, called the Achen joins the Iser at this point. I found my friend standing in the street, waiting my arrival; and in five minutes more, I was seated at a very excellent dejeuné à la fourchette, which consisted chiefly of game, all kinds of which, are extremely plentiful

in this neighbourhood. This could scarcely be otherwise where there are woods and wilds, and few inhabitants, and no game laws.

The employé's house was the best in Mittewald; for in a frontier town, however insignificant the town, the Inspector of the Customs is a man of consideration, and he himself seemed to be one of the most contented of men. His wife—a remarkably agreeable and pretty young woman,—his children blue eyed and rosy—his gun and his fishing rod, always at command; and his little gallery of pictures, a never failing resource—made a paradise for him, in the midst of the Alps. He told me, his salary was five hundred florins; (something less than £60.) and that perquisites might be £20. more. His expenses were extremely small. His house was his own; game and fish cost him nothing but powder and shot; his garden produced such vegetables as will grow in that elevated spot; he fed poultry of many kinds; his own cow gave him milk and butter; and therefore the greater part of his income was saved: he had only twenty florins to

pay, as his proportion of the rent of a pasture for his cow; and he had noting to buy but bread,—wine, and foreign commodities, which consisted only of coffee, sugar, tobacco, and clothing. "I save one half of my income" said he, "I go either to Inspruck, Munich, or Saltsburg every year, to buy a picture; for which I allow one half of my savings. I have held this office fourteen years; and I have now twenty six pictures in my little gallery." This picture gallery occupied one of the upper rooms in the house; and the owner had put himself to the expense of obtaining a light from the roof. "Pan and Mercury" had already got a place; and every thing was in excellent order; possibly, the expectation of my visit, might have assisted in this.

Considering the small means of the Collector, the pictures might be called wonderful; and without any consideration of this kind, several of them did great credit to his taste and knowledge, and were really good pictures. Among these, were "Susannah," by Martin Schön; "a bride" by Denner; some ruins, and sheep grazing, by

Warnberger; "a girl playing a tambourine," by Adrian Brouwer; a portrait which had every mark of a Vandyke; and a forest glade, by Ruysdael, worth more than all the money the whole collection had cost. It is a spectacle not without its interest; and even its grandeur,—that of a solitary lover of the Fine Arts; residing in the midst of the mountains, making a pilgrimage every year a hundred miles from home, with his savings in his purse, to purchase some addition to his little gallery; and returning with his treasure under his arm, to increase his stock of enjoyment for the year to come.

The pleasure of the employé of Mittewald was all his own. Not a soul in Mittewald could distinguish between a daub and a chef d'œuvre: even his wife, while she good-humouredly accompanied us to the gallery, admitted that she was no judge of pictures, but that since it gave her husband pleasure, she was pleased to have them; I noticed however, that the children were furnished with paper and pencils, and had attempted to copy the "girl with the tambourine."

After the inspection of the pictures, I was offered either a gun, or a fishing rod; my entertainer could not accompany me; for having been several days absent, he was necessitated to be at his post. I chose the fishing rod; and showing me the way up the Achen, which is a better trouting stream than the Iser, my friend left me to myself.

The Achen is a model of a trouting stream: it is not so broad, but that one may throw across it; nor so deep, but that one may go from one side to the other, and so humour the wind or the sun; it is neither so dark coloured, as to be ugly; nor so clear, as to show the fish their enemy; it is neither slow, nor a continued rapid; but forms gentle falls,—expanding into pools, full of little dimples and eddies,—and there is not a tree or a bush, to increase the trouble of the angler: it led me among scenes of charming seclusion; where the only sounds were the tinkle of the rivulet, and the distant stroke of the woodman's axe. The trout were confiding beyond belief,—too much so perhaps, for a thorough angler,—and after having

filled my bag, which I might have filled three times over, and spent some delightful hours,—I returned to Mittewald, to the hospitalities of my new friend. The afternoon was agreeably spent in conversing about pictures, the chase, and the condition of the country people. There is not a pauper in Mittewald; riches are not indeed to be found,—but there is no absolute poverty; and the habits of life in so secluded a spot, being simple and unambitious, contentment is easy of attainment.

There is at Mittewald, a small manufacture of guitars; three persons follow this trade, and produce from their workshops, neat looking, and well toned instruments: they cost about fifteen florins (35s. ster.),—and are all sent to Munich, and no doubt sold there, as Spanish guitars,—which they exactly resemble in shape. This little manufacture has given a musical turn to Mittewald: my entertainer possessed a guitar, which he played upon indifferently: I saw another in the inn parlour; and I heard the sound of a third as I was leaving the town. I forgot to say,

that in the morning, soon after breakfast, the voiturier who had charge of my little baggage, arrived from Wallen-see; and that we walked forward to the Austrian lines, to see it passed into the Tyrol. I found the utmost civility on the part of the Custom House officers; and from any experience I have had of Austrian authorities, I cannot join in the complaints which travellers have generally made, of their extreme strictness and want of complacency.

I left Mittewald early next morning; and soon after, ascending the Iser, entered the Tyrol. The scenery now became finer and bolder than it had yet been; it might be called truly Alpine,—snow peaks began to appear; and around, were all the indications of a high elevation. Soon after entering the Tyrol, the road crosses, and leaves the Iser,—now dwindled into a mere brook, within a league or two of its source; and passes through a small mountain village, called Scharnitz. From this place of Seefeld, where I halted to breakfast, the scenery becomes still more striking; and an extraordinary number and variety of wild flowers,

cover the slopes and rocks by the way side. I gathered abundance of that beautiful and sweet smelling flower, the fringed pink; the wild polianthus; and the rose d'amour: the box shrub in flower, formed in many places a thick underwood; large and beautiful heart's-ease, entirely covered some fields; and on every knoll and slope, and rocky nook, little companies of summer flowers,—unknown to me by sight or name, were nestling,—enjoying sweet fellowship; nodding to each other; all silent, but all smiling. I gathered no fewer than thirty two different species; thirteen of which, are cultivated in the English garden.

At Seefeld, the road has reached the highest point of the Tyrolean Alps which it traverses. I have no means of judging of the height of this range, excepting from my feelings,—which are an indifferent barometer,—and from the kind of vegetation that lay around. I suspect however, that by practice, these criterions lead to a tolerably near approximation to the truth. The highest peaks could not have been more than from a

thousand to fifteen hundred feet above the road ; I saw no Rhedodendron, which grows in abundance upon the Tyrolean Alps, at its usual elevation ; and as it was nowhere seen at this elevation, these peaks could not have exceeded six thousand feet : fir, and dwarf birch, were the only trees to be seen ; and patches of snow lay at no great distance, although it was the month of June. At this little village, I was not accosted by any beggar ; and I saw no one that could be called "un miserable." But the state of an Alpine village like this, cannot be judged of by its appearance in summer : when one sees the villagers sitting before their doors, in the warm sun-shine,—only tempered by the cool airs off the mountains,—and children playing about the fields with bare heads and feet, and scanty clothing,—it seems all a paradise : but let the traveller pass through the same village in the depth of winter, in the midst of a snow storm, (were such a journey possible) and look at the bleak mountains,—broken windows, and shivering inmates ; and the paradise of summer, will seem but a dream.

I walked out of Seefeld with a sturdy step; for the road was now mostly a descent; which soon became one of the steepest I have ever seen. At every few hundred yards, I was sensible of a change in the temperature,—as well as in the aspect of vegetation; fir had given place to other forest trees; and the minute flowers that mark the more elevated regions had disappeared. At length, the magnificent valley of the inn, traversed by its fine river, stretched below; and soon after,—descending the zig-zag road, that even with all the arts of road making, is too steep for any thing but a pedestrian, or a mule,—I entered Zirl, the first town of the Tyrol that I had yet seen.

Every traveller entering the Tyrol, must be struck, as I was, with the dress of the peasantry; we see stockings without feet to them,—the reverse we have all seen; but this appears a strange usage: hats, tapering to the crown, something like Robinson Crusoe's; generally with green silk bands, and green tassels hanging from the crown at one side: and we see women, with enormous

white worsted caps, shaped also like sugar loaves, —and with dresses, underneath which, there seems to be a hoop ; but this extraordinary rotundity, is occasioned by no fewer than ten petticoats, without which number, an elderly woman is scarcely considered to be respectably attired. The young women do not appear to be in the secret of setting off their charms by a multitude of coverings : their clothing is not so voluminous as that of the seniors. I have seen the women a hundred times, working in the fields with these cumbersome dresses, and heavy caps, which weigh no less than six or seven lbs. Many of the men, I saw in smock frocks, clean,—generally blue, and neatly worked ; and gentlemen, as well as peasants, are often seen with these, in the Tyrol.

Zirl has no attraction; it is but a small town,—and not a pretty one,—though it is situated delightfully upon a slight elevation above the level of the valley, and at a short distance from the river. I passed through Zirl, without stopping in it,—proceeding along the road to Inspruck, all the way close to the river. The prospect ap-

proaching Inspruck is superb. The valley of the inn—from one to about three miles wide, is seen stretching far to the eastward, covered with varied, and luxuriant vegetation, thickly studded with houses, and traversed by the broad, rapid, and brimful river: high mountains, mostly clothed with wood, enclose the valley on both sides,—and nearly in the centre of it, stands Inspruck, like the monarch of a small, but beautiful dominion. The peasants were in the fields, busy with their Indian corn, which is the staple produce of the valley, and all who have seen this beautiful plant, growing in luxuriance, and covering a wide expanse, will admit, that a more captivating prospect is not easy to be imagined. I crossed the bridge and entered Inspruck about three o'clock,—and found my baggage, and accommodation, in the hotel of "the Golden Eagle," which however, I afterwards found to be inferior to "the Golden Sun." It is fair to add however, that I found no cause to complain of the former.

CHAPTER XI.

INSPRUCK.

The people of Inspruck; Political feeling of the Tyrol; Policy of Austria in the Government of the Tyrol; causes of irritation.

Inspruck, the little metropolis of the Tyrol, is a beautiful town. I do not know any town of the same size, that is distinguished for so many handsome buildings within it, and in its neighbourhood; nor any one, whose suburbs, either in cleanliness or elegance, will vie with those of Inspruck. There would be sufficient interest in the general aspect of the town, and its inhabitants, even if Inspruck possessed no other claim to the notice of the traveller; but although there be no Glypthothek, or great gallery of pictures at Inspruck, there are many objects of curiosity

scarcely less interesting,—and even some works of art, that will bear a comparison with the most admired in any city. In its environs, Inspruck has few rivals; the beautiful and the romantic, lie everywhere around; and there are many Royal and Baronial Castles, scattered in its vicinity, and on neighbouring eminences, not only interesting and curious in themselves, but from which, charming views are caught over the valley of the inn, the city itself, and the Tyrolean Alps. Let me first speak of that which is the most interesting,—the people of Inspruck, and the valley of the inn, and those traits of living things, that come under the eye of a traveller.

The first day of my arrival in Inspruck, I saw little of either the town or the people. The walk from the Mittewald, the keen mountain air, and a good dinner at the hotel, had disposed me for repose rather than activity: I contented myself therefore, with looking out upon the fine broad street,—seeing the Tyrolean damsels fill their pitchers at the fountain which was nearly opposite to my window; and listening to the admir-

able band of an Austrian regiment playing "the retreat" at sun-set. But next day made ample amends for the omissions of the evening before; it was Sunday,—and the first Sunday after the Fête Dieu besides,—a day scarcely less important in the catholic church, than the day of the Fête itself.

The procession was as full of pomp, as Inspruck was capable of producing; and the appearance and dresses of the peasantry, hundreds of whom had been attracted from the neighbouring villages, gave life and picturesqueness to that which would otherwise have been the dull observance of a superstitious ceremonial. All, and more than all Inspruck, accompanied the procession from the church of the Holy Cross, to that of Marie Hilf, which lies across the river, and on the bank of the Inn. There, after the ceremonial had concluded amidst the roar of cannon and the flourish of trumpets, the procession broke up; and the crowd returned in a less dense body, along the bridge, where I placed myself, that I might see some samples of that noble pea-

santry which I had always associated with the Tyrol.

The scene was in the utmost degree picturesque; there were the old women with their white, and (some) red, tapering caps, and enormous rotundity of figures,—the young women, with beaver round hats, petticoats of more than all the colours of the rainbow,—lace aprons,—and frills at the elbows, and stockings of blue and scarlet worsted, worked in figures. There were peasants, tall and well limbed,—with their high crowned narrow hats, with green silk bands, or entirely covered with silk, and all with two ends depending from the crown; their tight black breeches, and white stockings; their leathern girdles, and knives stuck in them,—and many, with artificial flowers decorating their breasts, and also the hinder part of their hats. Mingled with these, were Austrian soldiers and officers in full dress,—officials and state officers in court uniform,—Priests in cassocks, and Capuchin friars; and the gentry of the town and neighbourhood,—altogether, forming a moving

panorama, as curious, as it was picturesque.

I could perceive nothing in the external appearance of the Tyrolean and the Austrian, that indicated the master and the slave; the Tyrolean peasant has an air of true nobility about him: he walks as if he knew the soil were his own; and as if he deserved, if he did not enjoy freedom. I am mistaken, if I did not see that day, many who want but another Hafer, to shake themselves free. Of this, my after experience, and knowledge of the Tyrol, sufficiently convinced me. I have had some opportunities of seeing people and countries that are subject to despotic governments, or that have been enslaved by foreign masters; but in none of them, have I discovered so general an aversion to the existing government, as in the Tyrol. An Englishman, (whatever policy may for the time, direct the British Government) is looked upon everywhere abroad, as the friend of liberal institutions,—a feeling which is particularly cherished in the Tyrol, since they have not forgotten the pecuniary aid that reached them from this country; and an Englishman cannot

travel far, or live many days in the Tyrol, without hearing expressions of the bitterest antipathy against the Austrian government and its head; and wishes breathed for a deliverance from it. But until that day arrive, when a war of opinion shall terminate in the destruction of unworthy governments, the Tyrol may attempt in vain, to establish a different order of things.

The Tyrol, though peopled with a peasantry, impatient of bondage,—full of patriotic feeling,—brave,—strong,—and active,—is but scantily peopled; and the most scantily, in those parts, where patriotism is the most felt and the most widely diffused. The character of the people of the German, and of the Italian Tyrol, is widely different. A line may be drawn accross the Tyrol, from east to west, leaving Botzen to the north: and all to the north of this line will be the German Tyrol; all to the south of it, the Italian Tyrol. The former, is indeed the larger division of territory; by nearly one third; but the latter, is in proportion to its size, greatly more populous: from Inspruck, across Mount

Brenner to Botzen, there are neither so many nor such large towns and villages, as between Botzen, and the Italian frontier. Trent is more populous than Inspruck,—and Roveredo is more populous than Botzen and Brixen put together: in any struggle for liberty, the German Tyrol alone, could be depended upon: this I have heard often asserted; and south of Botzen, I never heard a patriotic sentiment. There are patriots no doubt in the Italian Tyrol, as well as elsewhere. Oppression will always light the spark of patriotism in some bosom,—but in the Italian Tyrol there is no general feeling of patriotism, as in the north. The very aspect of the peasantry is different: their usages are different: and, above all, they have a less interest in the soil. The inhabitants of the upper Tyrol cultivate their own land; they are proprietors; and have therefore a feeling of independence about them, which the mere labourer can never experience. The inhabitants of the lower Tyrol cultivate the lands of others,—and want therefore, that incentive to patriotism, which has its foundation in proprie-

torship. It is no difficult matter to tell at a glance, whether the inhabitants of a district have a real interest in the soil which they tread, or not. The look of a grison is very different from that of a Bernois,—very different, the air of a Biscayan or a Catalunian, from a Castilian; and no less dissimilar than these, the appearance of a peasant of the valley of the Inn, the Eisach, or the upper Adige; and of a townsman of Trent, or a manufacturer of Roveredo. The very aspect and usages of the towns, prove the diversity of feeling. In Inspruck, Brixen or Botzen, we have a national dress,—primitive usages,—early hours. In Trent or Roveredo, we perceive modern customs, and luxurious habits. Germanic sturdiness and simplicity cleave to the former,—Italian complaisance and effeminacy have crept into the latter.

But independently of the difficulties which present themselves to the Tyroleans who might desire to throw off the dominion of Austria—arising from the smallness of the band of patriots whom patriotism could assemble, and the want

of co-operation among the people,—the obstacles which are presented in the precautionary measures of the Austrian government, are of themselves insurmountable. The Austrian military force in the Tyrol would almost surpass the belief of those who have not the most accurate knowledge of facts. In Trent there are no fewer than three regiments; in Roveredo there is another; and two more, are scattered among the towns and villages lying between Trent and Riva. A regiment is stationed between Botzen and Brixen, another is divided between Meran and Glurns; a third between Sterzing, Pruneken, and Lienz, and three are garrisoned at Inspruck, and in the valley of the Inn.

But this is not all. The Tyrol contains a greater number of castles—some Royal, some Baronial, scattered over the country, than any territory of a similar extent in Europe. Of all of these, with very few exceptions, the Austrian government is in possession, either by right, conquest, or purchase; and every one of them that is tenable, is garrisoned by troops, and made a

dépôt for arms and ammunition. Tempted by the distant view of grey time-worn battlements, I have more than once, explored my way to the foot of the walls of some ancient castle, expecting the silence and solitude of a ruin; and have been surprised upon looking up to the walls, to see some whiskered Austrians sitting at the gate,—or to hear the beat of a drum.

It appears therefore, that besides that all the strong holds of the Tyrol are in the hands of the Austrians, an effective force of twelve thousand men could be concentrated at any point in a very few days; for the Tyrol is scarcely four day's march from one end to the other; and besides this force, Lombardy, and Saltzburg adjoin the Tyrol, and are full of Austrian troops. All the regiments stationed in the Italian or southern Tyrol, are Austrian,—both soldiers and officers; and all in the German Tyrol, are Tyrolean soldiers, officered by Austrians. This is a wise stroke of Metternich foresight; and proves incontestibly the truth of what I have urged, respecting the diversity in character between the southern and the

northern divisions of the Tyrol. Well knowing the feelings that pervade the latter, the Austrians have felt the necessity of avoiding whatever may excite those feelings; nothing could be more likely to do this, than the presence of Austrian soldiers; irritation would produce quarrel,—and quarrel might end in insurrection: they have therefore wisely placed among the Tyroleans, their own countrymen; whose Austrian officers, and exact discipline, ensure their fidelity,—and whose connexion with the country, forbids jealousies, and leads neither to irritated feelings, nor remembered oppression. The Italian Tyrol, on the other hand, requiring no delicacy of this kind, is garrisoned by Austrians, who are at any time ready to pour into the upper valleys.

Besides these military precautions, there is a strict inquisitorial police. There is great reserve in speaking upon any political subject, unless where interruption, or espionage is impossible; and such matters, are at no time made the subject of conversation at a public table. Austrian officers and employés mix in all public assem-

blies; and the theatres and places of public amusement, are placed under the strictest censorship and surveillance.

The Press too is narrowly watched; and whatever might in any way recall dangerous and forbidden recollections, is interdicted. Gold cannot purchase any life or account of Hofer; and at one time, the sword, and other relics of this patriot, now preserved in the Museum, were shut up, and forbidden to be exhibited; but this it was discovered, was pushing the system too far; his memory was too much cherished to render it safe to suppress every memorial of him; and this order was recalled, that the Tyroleans, if they could not follow the banner, might at least handle the sword of a patriot.

One is naturally led to enquire, since so many precautions are taken by the Austrian government against revolutionary movement; and since the Tyroleans appear to be withheld from such a movement, only by the utter hopelessness of success,—why it is, that the Austrian government has so much reasonable ground for alarm? The

Austrian has the reputation of being a paternal government at home; at all events there is no dissatisfaction in Austria proper; and one might reasonably conclude, that so politic a government as that of Austria, would in every thing, act so as to disarm animosity; and by a system of forbearance, and gentleness, endeavour at least, to convert the impatient Tyroleans into contented, if not into loyal subjects. This plan, the Austrian government at one time pursued; taxes were lightly laid upon the Tyrol; her manufactures were encouraged; and civil appointments were chiefly filled by Tyroleans; but within the last two years this system has been in a great measure departed from. The dues of entry of merchandize into towns, have been much encreased; besides many assessed taxes, an income tax of a half per cent has been imposed, from which, the very smallest income is not exempt—a servant even, paying a portion of his wages; and more lately, the price of salt has been doubled, which is the most unpopular act of all. Salt is a government concern,—manufactured for its be-

nefit,—and being a Tyrolean produce, the inhabitants naturally look upon it as unjust, that the Austrian government should heavily tax an article from which a revenue is drawn out of their own country.

These things have doubtless augmented the feelings of hostility which are entertained in the Tyrol, towards the Austrian government; but they are not at the root of it. The love of freedom among the Tyroleans, would exist I believe under any circumstances, and under any government. It would belong to the department of the philosopher, rather than to that of the traveller, to assign a cause why the inhabitants of mountainous regions are more deeply imbued with a love of freedom than the inhabitants of plains. Of the fact, no doubt can be well entertained,—the difficulty is, to assign a reason for it. Possibly it may partly be, that mountaineers, conscious of possessing a greater facility of resistance to the attempts of those who desire to subjugate them,—and the latter also, finding an easier and more tempting conquest on the plains, a spirit of resis-

tance is begotten in the one,—and forbearance in the other,—so that the mountaineer preserves his liberty, long after the inhabitants of plains and cities have fallen; and thus, a consciousness of possessing freedom, engenders a love of it,—and this recollection of freedom once enjoyed, is transmitted to a time when it no longer exists,—till at length, the recollection, and the desires which it incites, are lost together.

But I am scarcely able to resist the belief, however unphilosophical it may appear, that there is something in mountain air, and mountain scenes, that elevates the mind, and begets a spirit of independence. Mountains are generally left to nature: plains are subjugated to the dominion of art. All the images presented to the senses, among mountains, speak of nature, and freedom. There is freedom in the cry of the wild fowl; freedom in the untamed step of the animal that roams where it will; there is freedom in the very riot of the streams, and the unfettered course of the breezes; there is freedom in the wide uninclosed expanse that owns no man as its lord. It is all

different in the plain. No animals are seen, but those which are subject; the streams flow cautiously along, diverted often from their channels by the industry and cupidity of man; the very winds of Heaven are denied their play; and the soil is taken from the dominion of nature, to be divided among the thousand petty masters who force contributions from it. All this may be fancy; or it may not. The fact however remains the same; and like the inhabitants of other mountains, the Tyroleans love freedom for its own sake. They do not sigh for liberty because their masters are Austrians; or because they are oppressed. To a people desirous of being their own masters—all masters are obnoxious; and whether the Tyroleans were governed by Austria or France, or England, they would desire to govern themselves.

I have been led far from the Fête Dieu, and the dress and appearance of the people of Inspruck; and these observations might perhaps have been introduced with greater propriety before taking leave of the Tyrol: but this is imma-

terial; since I had completed my journey, and since the facts upon which these observations are founded, were gathered before these volumes were begun. I shall proceed to other matters in a new chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

INSPRUCK.

The peasantry of the upper Tyrol; usages, and domestic economy; Indian corn and its qualities and uses; proprietors and labourers; wages, and prices of provisions; manners and morals; recreations; sacred Dramas.

As there is a striking diversity in the political feelings of the northern and southern divisions of the Tyrol, so there is, in the usages of social life, and of all that regards domestic economy: it is obvious, that there can be little in common, between those who cultivate their own lands, and those who are only labourers at the will, and for the benefit of others. I have said, that the valley of the Inn, is in the hands of small proprietors, and that its chief produce, is Indian corn. The proprietorship of the peasantry, is however, ge-

nerally very small; and the great valley of the Inn not being like the small valleys of Switzerland,—possessed of extensive rights of pasture, upon the neighbouring mountains, of which all the inhabitants may avail themselves by the sacrifice of a small part of the produce of their dairy, the peasantry of the northern Tyrol are not possessed of those flocks of cattle, which in Switzerland, cost little to keep, and whose produce in cheese, is the source of large emoluments to the proprietor.

The peasant of the upper Tyrol, seldom possesses more than supplies the wants of his family; a cow,—a pig or two,—are the whole of his live stock; and all the land which he possesses beyond what suffices for the support of these, produces Indian corn, and a few vegetables, and sometimes a little flax; these crops being no more than sufficient for the support of his family. The Tyrolean peasant therefore, though in one sense independent,—treading, and labouring his own soil, and eating the produce of his own industry, is yet poor; and lives worse than a day labourer in

many other countries. His family is nourished almost solely upon Indian corn, and milk; and it must be admitted, that with small properties like those in the valley of the Inn, no other produce could be half so serviceable. This plant is indeed the staff of life here, and is prized by the inhabitants as it deserves. Three times a day, soup, made of Indian corn and milk, is served at the table of a Tyrolean peasant; and this, with bread, sometimes entirely of Indian corn, but most commonly with one third, or one fourth part of wheat, forms his whole diet. I have frequently in the course of a walk, while residing at Inspruck, entered the houses of the peasantry, and tasted both the soup, and the bread. To those who are fond of a milk diet, the soup would not be found disagreeable; and the bread appeared to me good, precisely in proportion to the quantity of wheat that was mixed with the Indian corn. It is never used half and half in the Tyrol. This would be too expensive; for very little wheat is grown in the valley of the Inn—none in the upper part of it,—and that which is brought to

the Inspruck market, must be received either from Trent, and the Italian frontier, or from Bavaria.

However tastes may differ as to the palatableness of an Indian corn diet, the fine athletic peasantry of the Tyrol, sufficiently attest its wholesome and nutritious qualities. Indeed I have generally seen a robust peasantry, in those countries in which Indian corn forms a large portion of their subsistence. The people of Languedoc and Bearn, are stronger than those of central and northern France,—and the Biscayans, who eat more Indian corn, than other kind of bread, are greatly superior in strength to the Castilians. In the Tyrol, Indian corn is used in other ways than as an article of diet: the surplus, if any there be, finds a ready market for horses' food; and the husks and sheaths are used in stuffing mattrasses; and also, as a substitute for fire wood. As much flax is generally grown by the Tyrolean peasant, as suffices for the wants of his family; and for employment during the winter.

The cultivation of Indian corn has made some

noise in England; and has excited some interest, owing to the idea, that its cultivation would ameliorate the condition of the lower classes; and there have been in fact, two parties in this matter; one, asserting its great advantages, and its adaptation to the climate of England; and the other, denying both. I am no agriculturist; and am able only to state facts. As for the advantages of the cultivation of Indian corn, I can only say, that throughout the valley of the Inn, it is considered the most useful and the surest produce; and that the peasantry who live upon it, are the finest peasantry in Europe: and with respect to its fitness for the climate of England,—I would only observe, that the climate of the upper Tyrol is most uncertain; its centre is two thousand feet above the level of the sea; and its winters are extremely severe; and although from its more southern latitude than England, the heats of summer are great, the summer is late,—as some proof which, I may state that near the end of June, I was under the necessity of having a stove lighted in the hotel at Inspruck. I do not

know how these facts bear upon the probable success of Indian corn in England; but if Indian corn be supposed to require a milder climate than that of England, I think the success of Indian corn in the upper Tyrol proves this to be an error. The same fruits that come to perfection in the southern parts of England, will not ripen in the valley of the Inn.

Although the properties of the peasantry of the upper Tyrol be in general limited, this is of course not universal; some are in such circumstances as to be called opulent among their neighbours; though in richer countries, such opulence would be considered but an indifferent competency. A peasant whose possessions are worth fifteen thousand florins (£1750.) is rich; and one possessing the half of this sum, is in easy circumstances. Such peasants and their families, do not of course live upon Indian corn,—though this forms in all families, one important article of diet. The lower order of peasants, never eat meat excepting on feast-days,—and bacon, only on great feasts.

In all countries—even in those where the great bulk are proprietors, there are of necessity some hewers of wood, and drawers of water. In this part of the Tyrol, these are miserably off. The usual wages of labour do not exceed, for a man, four-pence half-penny per day,—with maintenance; and a woman seldom receives more than one penny half-penny, or two-pence. This is a wretched state of things; but fortunately, the class of day labourers is small. The necessaries of life, are not indeed dear. Meat usually sells at 4d. or 4½d. per lb. of 21 oz. which is not more than 2¾d. for 16 oz.; butter costs 9d. for 21 oz. or 6½d. per lb., bread of Indian corn is extremely cheap. Fruit, vegetables, and wine, are all dear; for the valley of the Inn produces none of the latter, and little of the two former,—most of which are brought from Botzen; but these are articles with which the poor may dispense. Fish and most kinds of game, are plentiful and cheap.

The wages of a man servant in the Tyrol (and this applies to the country generally,) are about £5. The wages of a female servant, about £3.

House rent in Inspruck, is not cheap,—no sudden starts of prosperity, have multiplied houses, to be afterwards left unoccupied when a change of times arrives. The town and population remain nearly stationary. I enquired the rent of a furnished house containing six rooms, and found it to be £30. ster. per annum. The salaries of public officers in the Tyrol are liberal. The governor receives 24,000 florins (£2,800).

I would characterize the inhabitants of Inspruck and of the upper Tyrol, as a respectable and grave looking people. There is nothing giddy —scarcely even cheerful, in their appearance. In their manners they are reserved, but civil,—in their morals, pure. I was told by every one with whom I conversed, that matrimonial infidelity is scarcely known ; and an hospital which has one department for foundlings, is rarely called upon to exercise this branch of its philanthropy. The upper classes are invariably attentive to the observance of religious duties,—and the lower orders may certainly be pronounced superstitious. I have never travelled through any country, where

so many crosses, images and chapels, are erected by the road side, as helps to devotion ; and it is rarely, that the traveller passes one of these chapels, without seeing within it, some prostrate worshippers,—while a peasant upon no occasion passes by a cross or an image, without a genuflection, a prayer, and sometimes, a prostration. I have not seen this reverence for holy things, carried farther even in Spain.

With respect to the vices to the Tyroleans, and the state of crime, I have no other means of judging than by a visit to the prison ; or more properly the house of correction,—for all prisoners confined for any term short of perpetual imprisonment, are instructed both in morals, and in those branches of useful knowledge, which may be turned to advantage when their punishment is at an end. The house of correction, where such an establishment exists in England, is destined only for lesser offenders ; but why should not every prison, be a house of correction and improvement ? This however is more necessary in other countries ; because in most of them, a long

term of imprisonment is substituted for the punishments both of death and transportation, which are resorted to in England. I found eighty prisoners in Inspruck; a small number certainly,—and when I add, that two thirds of that number, were from the Italian Tyrol, it will appear, that crime is rare in the northern division of the country. Of the eighty prisoners, there were only four women.

The inhabitants of Inspruck and the upper Tyrol, although not a volatile and pleasure seeking people, are not without their amusements. They have a theatre in which German pieces are usually represented, excepting in autumn, when an Italian company generally performs operas. I went once, while I remained in Inspruck, to a kind of melo-dramatic German performance; but the music was decidedly ill executed, and the actors indifferent. The house was poorly attended,—and presented nothing striking, excepting the emblazonment of the Austrian arms above the stage. There is also at Inspruck, a casino, where there are musical performances, and balls during the

winter. I heard two concerts without much delight. It is a common idea in England,—and certainly I was strongly impressed with the truth of it before visiting the Tyrol,—that the Tyroleans are a musical people; we have "Tyrolese" airs, and songs in abundance; and "Tyrolese minstrels," who lead every one to believe from the excellence of their performances, that the Tyrol is full of minstrelsy and song; but I found nothing of this: I observed no symptom of musical taste, either in public performances, or among the people generally, who never fail in those districts of Germany where music is really a passion, to give a thousand proofs of its existence, even to the most unobservant traveller who passes through a village.

Besides the theatre and their occasional dances and concerts, the people of Inspruck have their promenades: they have the Rennplatz, a square surrounded by very handsome buildings,—planted with trees laid out in alleys; and with benches disposed here and there: they have private gardens; some of them pleasant and shady; they

have the bridge, a very favourite promenade on Sundays; and they have the surrounding country, which is better than all; for I need scarcely say, that in the beautiful valley of the Inn, by the banks of the river, and among the neighbouring mountains, there are a hundred charming paths that dispense with the necessity of a "promenade ornée" a "jardin Anglais."

The peasantry of the upper Tyrol, have also their sports,—among which the most singular, is the performance of little sacred dramas, in certain of the villages which are scattered through the valley of the Inn. Among these, the village of Tauer, within less than a league of Inspruck is one; and performances of this kind, never failing to be given on the great feast-days, I took advantage of the feast Sunday, to walk as far as Tauer. These comedies are called Bauernkomödien, and never fail to attract many spectators from Inspruck and Hall. The scene was certainly in the utmost degree novel; hundreds of the peasantry in every variety of dress, were assembled,—and the comedy was performed in the

open air. It was some passage in the life of St. Genevieve,—composed in verse,—and intermixed with songs and choruses. The actors were in their ordinary dresses, excepting the Saint, who was clothed as we may suppose a Saint to be clothed. I was not able to comprehend the spirit of the piece,—nor was much lost probably. The sacred drama was now and then interrupted, to make way for a song, generally in chorus,—and when the drama was concluded, a gay afterpiece followed, which I was told by a Tyrolean who accompanied me, had no reference whatever to the sacred drama, or St. Genevieve. During the performances there was little or no audible expression of applause; but the utmost satisfaction was visible in the countenance of every one.

This is doubtless a remnant of the usages of the middle ages,—which were seen in Spain, down to the middle of the last century. The autos sacramentales were preceded by the 'Loa,' and followed by the gay 'sainette;' and in some respects too, particularly by the interludes, and by the drama being performed in the open

air, one is carried back to the original comedy of the Greeks. The whole of the entertainment did not occupy more than an hour and a half,—after which, every one retired; and by the light of the young moon, I found my way back to Inspruck.

CHAPTER XIII.

INSPRUCK.

Maximilian's hermitage, and story of his peril; the church of the Holy Cross, and the splendid monument in it; the tomb of Hofer,—and his obsequies; other churches and pictures; national collections; Hofer's last letter; the Austrian Eagle.

I must present to the reader, a short abstract of the chief dumb sights that are to be seen at Inspruck,—some of them however, curiously mixed up with strange passages in the lives of individuals. Of these, the most curious perhaps, is the hermitage of the Archduke Maximilian, in the convent of the Capuchins. The hermitage consists of a large chamber; and a small closet for devotion adjoining, from which, an opening shows the Major Altar of the church. There is also, a little kitchen; and a small garden. The

simple couch of the Archduke yet remains, his chair, and some other little pieces of furniture which were the work of his own hand, while he lived in this solitude. Here he resided fourteen days every winter, after the event which led him to this act of devotion; cooked his own victuals; and in every thing comported himself like a hermit. But the reader must now be informed what that was, which made a hermit of the Archduke Maximilian.

Two leagues from Inspruck, there is a place called Martinwand, (the wall of St. Martin) at all times, a striking object by its natural conformation, but doubly celebrated by its connexion with the Archduke Maximilian. One day while hunting, Maximilian in pursuing a Chamois, reached this spot, and by some rashness or misfortune, lost his footing, and was suspended, as the story goes, by some iron hook about his dress; or as another version has it, by his spur, half way down a frightful precipice, from which uncertain hold, the next moment might have hurled him to destruction. Here, it is said, the Archduke re-

commended himself to the protection of God; and his absence being noticed, and his perilous condition discovered, every effort that human art could invent, was made, to rescue him; but ineffectually. At length the Holy Sacrament was brought to the foot of the rock, and extended towards the King, who, if he could not reach the wafer, received at least, the benediction of the Priest; and resigned himself with pious resignation, to his approaching end. At this instant, says the legend, a Chamois hunter called Zips, chanced to reach the top of the rock; and seeing the King, whom he did not know, suspended between life and death, called out "hola! what art thou doing there?" to which the King replied "I am waiting" meaning emphatically, waiting till death comes. Upon this the hunter replied to the King, "I must nevertheless do as you have done,—and slide to the foot of the rock—come then with me," and having so spoken, he slid down to the King, and taking hold of his arm in passing, brought him in safety in the midst of the Priests and people who waited at the

foot, to see the last moment of their well beloved Prince.

So says the legend; and the King, in memory of his deliverance, spent fourteen days every year of his life thenceforth in the hermitage, in penance and devotional exercises. There is no doubt that Maximilian did escape from a great peril, by the courage of some person whom tradition has made a Saint; or at least, a person gifted for the moment, with supernatural powers. The height of the wall of St. Martin, is 1776 feet.

I spent one whole day in the church of the Holy Cross—the Cathedral church, and scarcely in that time, had leisure to do justice to the inimitable works of art that are contained in it. Of the church itself, I will only say, that there is a simple grandeur about it, that even if it contained no remarkable monument, would entitle it to rank among the most striking edifices that are dedicated to the service of God. But of the Mausoleum of Maximilian I. I scarcely know in what terms of admiration to express myself. The tomb, of different marbles, is a little more than

six feet high—thirteen in length, and seven in breadth; a bronze statue of the Emperor upon his knees, praying, crowns it; but the inestimable worth, and extraordinary beauty of this Mausoleum consists in the bas reliefs which are executed upon the twenty-four tablets of fine marble of Carrara that form the sides of the monument, and are divided from each other by black marble pilastres. Nothing that I have ever seen in bas relief, nearly equals this superb work of art. The tablets represent the different passages in the life of Maximilian,—his marriage,—his battles,—his sieges,—his marches,—his interviews; and not only has the artist executed a wonderful work, but he has also been throughout, true to nature: the arms and costumes of different warriors and different nations, are consistent with fact; and so are the bas reliefs of the cities and castles which are introduced: the representation of Venice, is, on marble, what Canaletto's are on canvass; and the likeness of Maximilian is preserved exactly, throughout all the tablets, differing only in age: but it is utterly hopeless, to endeavour to convey

in any description, or by any encomium, the slightest idea of the excellence of these bas reliefs; but, in case any traveller in the Tyrol, should chance to take this book in his hand, I shall merely enumerate the subjects of the twenty four tablets; for without this information, the examination would possess but a diminished interest; and the traveller would be unable to do justice to the extraordinary merits of the work. I make this apology for the enumeration, because I have generally avoided minute description of monuments. The following is the enumeration of the subjects.

1.—Maximilian's marriage, when Prince, at the age of 18 in the year 1477 at Ghent, with Mary daughter of Charles the Rash, Duke of Burgundy. In this tablet, the spectator will do well to examine the pictures which are represented in bas relief, as hanging on the wall of the room where the ceremony is performed.

2.—The battle of Guinegate in 1479.

3.—The taking of Arras in 1492.

4.—The coronation of Maximilian as King of

the Romans in 1486 at Aix-la-Chapelle.

5.—Battle with the Venetians in 1487. In this tablet, the landscape is charmingly represented.

6.—The entry of Maximilian into Vienna.

7.—The taking of Albe Royale in 1490.

8.—The return of the Princess Margaret from the court of France to the palace of Maximilian. In this tablet, the horses and their chief riders, are above all praise.

9.—The rout of the Turks in Croatia.

10.—The alliance concluded between Maximilian, Pope Alexander the sixth, the republic of Venice, and the Duke of Milan, against Charles the eighth of France.

11.—Louis Sforza receiving at Worms, the investiture of the Dutchy of Milan.

12.—The marriage of Philip le Bel son of Maximilian, with Joan, heiress of the kingdoms of Castile and Arragon. The dresses and costume in this tablet are of peculiar excellence.

13.—The defeat of the Bohemian troops near Ratisbone in 1504.

14.—The siege of Kufstein.

15.—Submission of Duke Charles in 1505.

16.—Alliance of the Emperor with the Pope and the Kings of France and Spain, against the Venetians.

17.—The occupation of the Venetian territory by the imperial army. In this tablet the distant view of Padua, is well worthy of attention.

18.—The re-establishment of Duke Maximilian Sforza in the Duchy of Milan.

19.—The second battle of Guinegate.

20.—The Imperial and English armies after the battle of Guinegate.

21.—Battle of Vincenza against the Venetians.

22.—Sortie by the Imperial Garrison of Marano upon the Venetian camp.

23.—Convention respecting the marriage of Ferdinand, grandson of the Emperor, with Anne daughter of King Wladislaw. This tablet is somewhat damaged.

24.—The defence of the Imperial Garrison of Verona, against the besieging army of French and Venetians.

The name of the great artist who executed

these tablets is Alexander Colin, a native of Malines, who completed the work in 1565; but the four last mentioned tablets are by another, and greatly inferior hand.

It is impossible to look upon a work like this, executed nearly three centuries ago; without experiencing some diminution in the pride of modern improvement. Around this magnificent monument, stand in armour, eight and twenty colossal statues, in bronze, like warriors, guarding the tomb. The effect is most imposing,—and almost terrific, when the gloom of evening begins to fall among these dark-visaged, and gigantic Kings and Knights. Old Clovis is there,—and Philip le Bel is there; and the stern Count of Habsburg,—and Theodric, King of the Goths; and good King Arthur,—and Charles the Rash,—and Catholic Ferdinand,—and Godfrey, King of Jerusalem,—and Rodolphe le Débonnaire, and others, who in their day put on armour, and threw down the glove.

But for the same reason that I enumerated the subjects of the tablets, I will also enumerate the

statues. The enumeration begins from the right.

1.—Clovis, the first, King of France.

2.—Philippe le Bel, King of Spain, son of Maximilian the first. This statue is considered the second in merit.

3.—Rodolph the first, Count of Habsburg.

4.—Albert the second, surnamed the Wise.

5.—Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths. This statue, the most esteemed by connoisseurs, bears the date 1513.

6.—Ernest, Duke of Austria.

7.—Théobert, Duke of Burgundy.

8.—Arthur of England.

9.—Sigismond, Archduke of Austria, Count of Tyrol.

10.—Blanche, Duchess of Milan, second wife of Maximilian the first.

11.—The Archduchess Margaret, daughter of Maximilian.

12,—Cymburgis, spouse of Ernest.

13.—Charles of Burgundy, surnamed the Rash.

14.—Philip, Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the Good,—father of Charles the Rash.

15.—Joan, spouse of Philip the first of Spain.

16.—Ferdinand, King of Arragon and Castile.

17.—Conegonde, spouse of Albert the fourth.

18.—Leonora, Princess of Portugal.

19.—Mary, first spouse of Maximilian the first.

20.—Spouse of the Emperor Albert the second.

21.—Godfrey of Bouillon, King of Jerusalem.

22.—Albert the first, Duke of Austria.

23.—Frederick the fourth, Duke of Austria, Count of Tyrol.

24.—Leopold the third, Duke of Austria, surnamed the Pious.

25.—Rodolph the fourth, Count of Hapsburg, surnamed le Débonnaire.

26.—Leopold the fourth, surnamed the Saint.

27.—Frederick the fourth, father of Maximilian.

28.—Albert the second.

Besides all this, the church of the Holy Cross contains other remarkable objects,—it contains twenty-three statues in bronze, of distinguished Saints,—it contains a statue in pure silver of the Virgin Mary,—it contains the tombs of the

Countess Honoria Piccolomini; of the Archduke Ferdinand II.; of Philippine, his first wife; all remarkable for fine workmanship, and fine marble; and it contains the tomb of Andrew Hofer. Hofer's remains were brought from Mantua by command of the Emperor Francis, on the 22d of February 1823. Six of his companions in arms carried the coffin; upon which lay the hat and sword of the hero; and the entombment was honored by the attendance of all the Austrian authorities civil and military, and by an enormous concourse of spectators. It is understood that a monument will be erected over his remains; recording no doubt, his devotion to the house of Austria. A different monument is already raised to him in the feelings and reverence of his countrymen.

In the Catholic churches of Spain or Italy, or even in the Metropolitan churches of Catholic Germany, the traveller expects to be struck by those splendid monuments of art, which in the earlier eras of Catholicism and in the days of its magnificence, occupied alike the attention of the

rulers and the people: but in this mountain region,—in Inspruck, the little capital of the Tyrol, the triumphs of art come recommended to us, not merely by their intrinsic excellence, but also by their being unlooked for: and for this reason, I cannot leave the church of the Holy Cross, without glancing towards another monument, second only in its attractions to that which I have just noticed. This is, the Mausoleum of the Archduke Ferdinand the Second,—and of his spouse Philippine.

The former of these monuments, is in the form of an arch, twelve feet high and nine wide,—formed of the finest white and black marble. Within the arch is the statue of the Prince, in white marble, reclining,—the hands raised towards Heaven. Around the arch, are seen the arms of all the countries at that time under the dominion of Austria; and although these Austrian Princes, like Louis the XIV. lose no opportunity of blazoning their honours and high deeds, this does not detract from the excellence of the art which is made subservient to kingly vanity: accordingly,

the arms of the subject countries being a beautiful specimen of Mosaic, the traveller in admiration of the work of art, will forget, if not forgive, the ill placed vanity of hanging the trophies of living grandeur, around the habitations of those who have left it all behind. This Mausoleum, like the tomb of Maximilian, is adorned by tablets in bas relief of white marble, four in number, representing. 1—John Frederick of Saxony taken prisoner by Charles the Fifth after the battle of Muhlburg in which the Archduke Ferdinand was engaged, when a very young Prince. 2—Charles the Fifth having ceded the crown of the Germanic Empire to his brother Ferdinand the First, the government of Bohemia is confided to the Archduke. 3—The siege of Sigeth by Ferdinand in 1556; and 4—Ferdinand bringing to his brother the Emperor Maximilian the second, a chosen body of cavalry to fight against the army of Solyman. These bas reliefs are, like those of the great monument, from the hand of Colin; and are in no respect inferior to the others.

Not far from this Mausoleum is that of Philip-

pine his first wife. She is represented in white marble, laid on her death bed, and in the habilements of the grave; while above, the genius of death is seen extinguishing his flambeau. This monument, is also adorned by bas reliefs of Colin, representing the pious and benevolent deeds of the dead. Such representations on a tomb, are assuredly more in character than any others; it is true indeed, that deeds of charity, like other deeds, end with life; but then, we are told, that "their works do follow them."

Although I would recommend a visit to the other churches, I have no intention of entering into any details respecting them. That of St. James, is undoubtedly a handsome structure, containing abundance of well wrought, and valuable marble; and containing also, some few pictures that deserve notice. Among them, is a curious picture on wood, by Luc Cranach, two excellent pictures, St. Anne, and St. Philip Nerie, by Schor de Tedesco, an artist well known in the history of the arts; several, particularly one of St. Sebestian, by Grasmayr, who has obtained a name

among painters, for correctness of design and truth of expression. The Frescos in this church, are also worthy of attention. When I visited this church, I was shewn the place destined for a picture which was every day expected at Inspruck. It is from the hand of Joseph Arnold, a Tyrolean artist, who has gained the chief prizes in the Imperial Academy of the Fine Arts in Vienna.

The church of the Holy Trinity is perhaps the finest architectural design in Inspruck; and it is from the balustrade around the lantern of its cupula, which is 215 feet high, that the best view of the valley of the Inn is to be obtained. The church is worthy of a visit, because all the marble with which it is adorned is native; and because it contains several pictures that are worth a glance,—one, the Holy Trinity, said to be, a Rubens, and at all events better than some that Rubens has painted; several by Andrew Wolfe,—and Schor de Tedesco, and one by Albert Durer. There is also a monument by Colin, whose labours will always bear inspection. Let me not omit to

mention a circumstance related as a fact, by the individual who showed me the churches. When Damien Asam, was engaged in painting the inside of the Cupola of one of the churches,—I forget which,—and when he had just finished the hand of St. James, he stepped back on the scaffold where he stood, to ascertain the effect: there was no friend at hand gifted with the presence of mind, which, by destroying the work, saved the artist; as we have it recorded of Sir James Thornhill; and therefore Damien Asam fell backward: but, to the astonishment of the awe-struck beholders, who were looking up from beneath, the hand and arm of the Saint, which the artist had newly finished, was seen to extend itself from the fresco, and grasping the fortunate Asam by the arm, accompany him in his descent of two hundred feet, and bear him up so gently, that he reached the ground without the slightest shock. The man who related this, spoke with the utmost gravity, and appeared satisfied with the grave looks with which I listened.

I must not forget the church of Marie Hilf,

which is situated in the suburbs, across the Inn; which contains two or three of the best pictures in Inspruck; particularly one, by Jean Paul Schor, who assisted in the construction of the vatican of Rome.

The only other public monument deserving of attention, is the cemetery; which contains several fine tombs. The following are the most worthy of inspection. The monument of Colin, executed by himself; on which there is a fine bas relief representing the resurrection of Lazarus; that of Hohensauer adorned by two bas reliefs, also by Colin; the tomb of the Archduchess Elizabeth; that of Count Trotsbury; and that of the Baron de Hormayr.

The University House, anciently the College of Jesuits, contains much that will greatly interest the traveller, chiefly because the collections of objects in both nature and art, which are found in it, are strictly national. The Cabinet of Natural History contains a complete assortment of the minerals and metals of the country,—among which will be found some splendid specimens of

Phosphate of Lime, and of Asbestos. There is in the same cabinet a collection of petrifactions of the country,—and a Flora Tyrolensis which however is yet in its infancy. In the Cabinet of Art, there is one room dedicated to pictures by Tyrolean artists, who succeed particularly well in landscapes,—and there is also a small gallery of Foreign Pictures, among which there is a good Bassano,—and a picture which has all the marks of being from the hand of Salvator Rosa.

Some encouragement is given to the Fine Arts by the government: the most promising painter is sent to Rome for a certain number of years, at the expence of the government, upon condition of his every year painting a picture for the Museum of Inspruck; his last, is "Peter striking Sapphira dead," and is a picture of good promise.

The same cabinet contains many works of art by native artists; there are models of all the manufactured articles of the Tyrol,—particularly iron manufactures in miniature, beautifully wrought; all the ancient coins of the Tyrol are also here,—and some manuscripts containing his-

torical information respecting the country. I was shewn also, some most ingenious carvings in wood of the pear tree, by a Tyrolean, in bas relief,—sacred and historical: but the artist, now an old man has fallen into dissipated habits; and only manufactures pipe heads, in order to obtain money to be spent in eau-de-vie: he is porter to the castle of the Tyrol, near Meran, where I shall afterwards conduct the reader, and introduce him to this old artist. Here are also preserved, those relics of Hofer of which I have already spoken; among others, the letter which he wrote to M. Pulher, a few hours before his military execution. I obtained a copy of it; and annex the following translation, which, from the circumstances under which it was written, more than from the letter itself, may possibly possess some interest:—

My very Dear Brother,

It is the will of God, that here, at Mantua, I change a mortal for an eternal state. But thanks be to God, the step seems to me as easy as if it were to conduct me elsewhere: and He will doubtless support me, and give me grace un-

til the end, that my soul may join the company of the elect, in that place where it may be permitted me to implore His mercy for all who were dear to me here below; those especially whose benefits have reached me. You my very dear friend, and your spouse, are included among the latter; and my acknowledgments are due to you, for the little book; * and for many other kindnesses. Pray for me,—you, and all the good friends who yet live in the world I am going to leave,—pray for me; that I may be delivered from the purgatory where perhaps I must expiate my faults.

My very dear wife will take care that mass be said; and requiem sung in the chapel of St. Martin,—and that prayers be put up in the parish churches. The inn-keeper will provide meat and soup, and half a pot of wine to each of my friends and relatives.

My dear Puhler, go yourself to St. Martin, and tell all to the inn-keeper; he will do what is necessary; but do not say a word to any

* It was a Prayer Book.

other person of the affair.

May you, and all whom I leave behind me, be well and happy in the world, until the time when we shall meet in Heaven, and praise God for ever. I supplicate all those of my acquaintance, and all the inhabitants of Passeyer, to remember me in their prayers. Let not my wife afflict herself too much on account of my death; I will pray for her, and all, in the presence of God.

Adieu passing world! death appears so sweet, that life is unworthy of a regret.

Written at five o'clock of the morning; and at nine, I go to God, with the succour of all the Saints.

Thy beloved in this life,

ANDREW HOFER,

Of Sand, in Passeyer.

Mantua, 20th February, 1810.

In the name and by the help of the Lord, I undertake this voyage.

This letter, in the original, and translated, appeared in one of the numbers of the Literary Gazette a few months ago: but this would scarcely be a sufficient reason for excluding it from these volumes.

Besides the national collections in the Museum of the University, several private individuals in Inspruck, are in possession of cabinets whose contents are full of interest, M. Sprenger has a beautiful collection of Butterflies and Insects of the Tyrol. The Professor Schoeffer has a valuable assortment of indigenous plants,—and the aviary of M. Jean Mahl, containing all the birds of the Tyrolean mountains, is both curious and beautiful.

These, and the collections of the Museum are after all, the most interesting kinds of cabinets. Nationalty, ought certainly to be the principle of collection; and although in London or Paris, it is well to draw contributions in nature and art, from every part of the world, there is more wisdom, and certainly far more interest to the traveller, in the system adopted in the Tyrol,—collecting and exhibiting all that has reference to the country, whether in the productions of nature, or in the works of man. In some of the minuter handicrafts, the Tyrolean peasantry excel: nothing can be more exquisitely beautiful than those

birds, which in miniature, the peasants employ themselves in making, during the winter evenings. They are in bas relief of feathers, upon paper; and of these, the traveller may at a small cost form a collection of all the birds of the Tyrol.

I could easily enlarge upon other works of art which are met with at Inspruck; but in writing travels, and in professing to give a general view of a country and its people,—descriptions of public monuments, costly furniture, and even statues, and pictures, ought to occupy but a small space,—unless when there is something national in them,—or where, as in the case of the tomb of Maximilian, there are some more than common claims upon attention. A traveller's record, and a guide book, ought to be essentially different,—and it is I think, owing to a want of attention to this distinction, that so few popular travels in Italy, have been given to the world,—as if a description of ancient paintings and statues, were more interesting than pictures of living manners, —or as if illustrations of Roman History, were more wanted than a view of modern Italy.

Neither in Inspruck, nor in any other part of the Tyrol, is the traveller ever in danger of forgetting in whose dominions he is. The Austrian arms are every where blazoned,—and monuments, and triumphal arches, and columns, are seen in twenty different places of Inspruck, dedicated to members of the Imperial family,—and adorned with statues of Leopolds, and Maximilians, and Franciss. They have a rival however in the Virgin Mary, of whom there are no fewer than three statues in the streets of Inspruck. In the country as well as in Inspruck, the Austrian Eagle is conspicuous. It is seen upon every petty Custom House,—over the doors of half the Inns, —and is sometimes even painted and stuck up by the way side, to warm the loyalty—or it may be —to excite the contempt of the Tyroleans.

CHAPTER XIV.

HALL, AND ITS SALT MINES.

Journey to Hall; the Abbey of Wilten; the castle of Ambras; Hall,—the salt manufactory, and its produce; walk through the mountains to the mines; scenery; visit to the mines; details; the superintendent; hospitality.

Having now remained sufficiently long in Inspruck, to see all that deserved attention, and to obtain all the information I was able to collect; I resolved, before crossing mount Brenner, to the central and southern Tyrol, to visit the different places in the valley of the Inn and its neighbourhood, that are celebrated either for their natural features,—their history, and traditions connected with them,—on their productions, or relics of art. The valley of the Inn is extremely fertile in these; within twenty or twenty-five miles of Inspruck,

lie many very interesting spots; towns, villages, castles, and valleys,—among which, the most celebrated perhaps, is the town of Hall, and the famous mines of native salt, situated three leagues farther, in the midst of the mountains. They are generally called the mines of Hall, because the salt after being drawn from the mines, is manufactured at Hall.

To this interesting excursion, I devoted a few days: by the great road to Hall, on the left bank of the Inn, two days, or possibly even one long day, en voiture, might suffice, though the distance from Inspruck and back, being at least forty miles, and the road precipitous, little time would be left to see either Hall, or the mines; but by the right bank of the river, which is the more beautiful, 'tis but a footpath, and a circuitous one, that leads to Hall; and by this road, two little détours will take in the Abbey of Wilten, and the castle of Ambras, neither of which, the traveller would be justified in leaving the valley of the Inn without visiting.

On a fine June morning, after a very early

breakfast, I left Inspruck, and soon reached the little, but pretty village of Wilten—about a mile from Inspruck, and distinguished for its Abbey. I found nothing very striking in the interior of the Abbey,—but the inside is vast and sombre, though possessing no remarkable attraction, unless I were to except two statues of enormous giants, placed in niches, in each side of the doorway. There is a legend connected with these, too long to repeat; but it recounts how that these giants, Haymo and Tyrsus, heroes of the middle ages, and twelve feet in height, wandered that way about the year 860,—and meeting accidentally, Tyrsus was slain by Haymo, who as an expiation of his crime, built with his own hands a convent upon the spot,—and became himself a gigantic brother,—in which character, he wept during eighteen years, the death of Tyrsus slain by his hand.

Leaving the village and abbey of Wilten, I passed the rapid torrent of the Sill, which flows into the Inn, close to this spot,—and followed an agreeable foot path by the river side, until it was

necessary to diverge towards the Castle of Ambras, which stands several hundred feet above the valley; with a subject village at the foot of the monticule which it crowns. Were it for nothing else than the magnificent prospect enjoyed from the foot of the walls, Ambras would be worth a visit; for the whole extent of the valley of the Inn is laid open, with its towns, and villages, and capital, and castles, and noble river, and charming fertility. Here, in the close of the sixteenth century, Ferdinand and his fair Philippine resided,—he who has been called the Lorenzo de Medicis of the house of Habsburg,—so great was his love and patronage of the Fine Arts. Ancient relics of art; fine pictures,—rare medals,—models of sculpture,—antiquities and armour, filled, or adorned the Halls of the castle of Ambras. Charles, the son of the Archduke Ferdinand, sold the castle to the Emperor Rodolph; and Ambras then became a pleasure house of the Emperor. More lately, it has been a garrison, and an hospital; and was despoiled of its treasures during the wars of the revolution; but a considerable

portion of them are yet to be seen in Vienna, where they are still called, "the collection of Ambras." Some few relics of the days of Chivalry yet remain at Ambras; some pictures of gloved and girded Knights,—and some armour; let me enumerate a few of these: there is a statue of Francis I. armed, as at Pavia,—with his hose and stockings; there is the armour of the Duke of Alva, and also of Don John of Austria, and of other Princes and Knights whose names have not descended with the relics. I noticed one suit with shoes of iron, and spikes in front nearly nine inches long. These were in frequent use during the middle ages, and were called calcei lunati, cornuti, rostrati, and were, as is supposed used for wounding the horses of adversaries in fight. I noticed also, a statue of one of the Archduke Ferdinand's body guards no less than eleven feet in height, and said nevertheless, to be after nature. There are also some other relics of the days of chivalry preserved here, attractive not only to antiquarians, but to all who are interested by the narratives of feudal times, mins-

trelsy, and song; and this comprehends all the lovers of early poetry and romance. Of this description of relics is one of the harps of the minstrels, with one string yet unbroken; and one of the welcome-bowls, used by the Knights: these were wont to be of gold, for the use of ladies,—of silver, for Princes, and of glass, for Knights. All who drank of the welcome bowl, inscribed their names in a book kept for the purpose—adding generally, a couplet: and so great was the capacity of these bowls, that it not unfrequently happened, that this was the last act ever performed by the drainer of the bowl.

It is recorded of a Polish noble, who offered the welcome bowl to a Prince of tender years, that when the Prince's Marshal alleged, that to drain the bowl would be the death of him who drank, the other replied bibat et moriatur (let him drink and die.) What singular inconsistency was there in the picture of manners and morals presented to us in those days. The utmost devotion to the fair sex,—the nicest regard for honour, mingled with the grossest sensuality and the most

beastly intemperance. Besides these Knightly relics, there are some of a different description preserved at Ambras; amongst these I will content myself with mentioning a bit of the rope with which Judas hanged himself, accompanied by a certificate as to how it was obtained; but the most interesting relics, lie in the neighbouring woods. These are, several tombs of those Knights, who in past days, perilled their honor and their lives in the tournaments,—and who were killed in mortal combat. Trees have now overspread the places where these combats were held; and overshadow the tombs. The spot is still called Tummelplatz, (place of arms).

From Ambras I descended the hill, and gained the road to Hall, passing through fine meadows, and fields of Indian corn, and through several villages charmingly situated in little amphitheatres at the foot of the mountains; and after an hour and a half's walk, I reached the ancient and smoky Hall,—than which there is no town more smoky and black either in Staffordshire or Lancashire. In the interior as well as outside, Hall

bears upon its front, the appearance of great antiquity. Gloomy old houses flank narrow winding streets; scarcely one modern building is to be seen: the ancient wall,—dark towers,—and little gates, yet remain, as well as the deep ditch, —and recall to mind, the wars of early times, of which Hall was so often the scene. One of the gates bears an inscription in which the year 1351 is distinctly visible.

Almost immediately after reaching Hall, I presented myself at the gate of the salt manufactory; and was admitted immediately, upon presenting a permission from the superintendent,—which is necessary. The building is of immense extent,—and here the manufactory has been carried on ever since the commencement of the fourteenth century. The native salt, at four leagues distance, after being dissolved in water at the mines, is conveyed to Hall in little rivulets which flow in troughs laid for the purpose, there to be reconverted into crystals. Nine chauldrons are employed,—the five largest of them, about thirty six feet in diameter. They are made of iron, and

have an opening at one side, by a joint, in order that they may be cleaned from salt when necessary. The salt water, being previously heated, is admitted into the cauldrons to the depth of eight inches ; and is kept in a state of ebullition during three hours, at the end of which time, two inches and a half have been evaporated; and a great quantity of salt deposited. Each boiling in each cauldron, will produce from twenty to twenty four quintals, (from 2000 to 2400 lbs.) so that one cauldron will produce by the ordinary number of boilings, one hundred and seventy quintals of chrystalized salt. Take this amount for each of the five large cauldrons, and the half of it for the four smaller, and the sum will be twelve hundred and two quintals,—or one hundred and twenty thousand two hundred lbs. per day from the whole manufactory. The value of the salt produced is about £100,000 sterling,—from which two florins (4·8) are to be deducted from every £1. for the expences of the establishment. A clear revenue however of nearly £80,000—is worth the Imperial notice. I think I have al-

ready said that the salt mines and manufactory are a government concern.

I also visited at Hall, the very ancient parish church, built in the year 1271. There is a chapel in it, containing an image of the Virgin, and various relics, held in high estimation by the inhabitants:—they were presented to the town by the Chevalier Florian de Waldauf, not unknown in the annals of chivalry, in the end of the fourteenth century. In this church, there is a picture from the hand of Albert Durer,—and some bas reliefs worth examining.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a more horrible abode than Hall; it is constantly enveloped in a dense atmosphere of smoke,—which not only darkens the air, and blackens the houses,—but throws a dinginess over the dresses of the people, and makes the inhabitants appear of a sootier and duskier race. I was obliged to remain at Hall all night,—but I spent as little of my time as possible in the town,—passing the two or three hours that intervened between dinner and darkness, in a walk to the ruins of the Castle of Gru-

negg, where formerly resided, the Duke Sigismond, "a mighty hunter," and a valorous knight. Hall is famous for the excellent beer it brews; and by the help of a flaggon, I enjoyed a comfortable sleep even in Hall,—until at break of day next morning, I left it, to visit the mines.

In less than half an hour I found myself at the foot of the chain of mountains that bound the valley to the north, and at the mouth of a narrow ravine, traversed by a furious torrent. A path leads up the ravine towards the mines, which lie about eight miles farther, in the heart of the mountain. I have seldom ascended a steeper path than this; or one more interesting, from the sublimity of the scenery that lay around. The grandeur of the views, and the ruggedness of the objects, in traversing a gorge that penetrates so many miles into the recesses of the mountain, may be imagined; and perhaps it is better to leave all to the imagination, than to attempt a description. Enormous masses of overhanging rock seemed to be suspended above, almost by a miracle; old pine forests hung upon the rugged

cliffs; the torrent that rushed by, was here and there, spanned by bridges of snow,—while huge unmelted avalanches lay in its bed; cascades tumbled from a hundred heights, some close by the path,—some heard at a great elevation above, —while peaks, some dark, some snowy, many thousand feet high, almost closed overhead, and seemed to jut into the sky. At length, in the midst of this wild scene, a cluster of houses are seen above, where the gorge loses itself among precipices; and where the torrent has separated into a hundred tiny feeders, oozing from the beds of snow. At this wild spot, stands the miners' inn; and here therefore, I began to think of satisfying the needs of the body. The superintendent of the mines however, chanced to be close by; and presenting to him, the letter I brought, he politely invited me to his house, which lies upon a small platform, a little higher up; and soon produced a comfortable breakfast; and insisted that I should dine with him also, and spend the night in his house.

After breakfast, I proceeded to visit the mines,

clothed in a suitable dress; and with a staff in my hand and preceded by flambeaux, I followed my conductor into the mine. The visit commences with a descent of three hundred steps, when one may fairly believe himself in the bowels of the mountain. 'Tis a strange empire one finds in these dismal abodes: life is a different thing, when sun-light is withdrawn; and there is an icy feeling falls upon the heart, as well as on the senses, when we look around these dismal galleries, and dark walls, dimly lighted by a few ineffectual flambeaux that convey truly, the idea of "darkness visible;" and scan the dark subterranean lakes, whose extent and profundity the eye cannot guess but by the plunge of a fragment of the roof, and the dim glimmer of the lights; and hear the distant stroke of the miner's axe, far in the interior of the caverns: and still more do we feel the difference between the world above, and regions such as these, when we reach the solitary miner, in some vast cavern, with his single candle, striking his axe ever and ever into the dull wall: but along with these feelings, as-

tonishment and admiration are engendered, at the power of man, whose perseverance has hollowed out the mountain; and with his seemingly feeble instruments,—his human arms, and little axe,—has waged war with the colossal works of nature.

The results are indeed, almost incredible. No fewer than forty eight caverns have been formed, each from one to two acres in size: one of the galleries is three leagues in length,—and I was assured that to traverse all the galleries, six whole days would be required. The manner of proceeding is thus: when these subterraneous caverns are formed, the miners detach fragments of the native salt from the roof and walls; —and when the cavern is sufficiently filled with these, pure water is let in, which dissolves the salt,—and the water thus impregnated, is, as I have already said, conveyed by the conduits from the mines to the manufactory of Hall. When I visited the mines, some of these caverns were dry, and the miners were employed in them,—others were salt lakes, in which the more silent

operation was going on. Occasionally, a distant hollow sound is heard, approaching nearer and nearer, which one might easily mistake for the rushing of water; this is occasioned by the little chariots, which carry away rubbish to the mouth of the mine; the path is a rail road, and these little chariots fly along it with frightful rapidity. When the sound is heard approaching, it is necessary to retire into one of the niches that are formed in the wall,—and the young miners, seated in front of the chariots, seem as they rush by, like Gnomes directing their infernal cars.

The number of miners employed, is 300—and the pittance of wages which they receive, is miserable. They are paid according to seniority; the oldest get 30 kreutzers,—the youngest about fifteen. Their labour is not however without intermission; they work and rest four hours alternately; and Sunday is a holiday,—as well as the other great feasts of the Catholic church. Though we regret to see the labour of the agriculturist suspended so frequently by feast days, we are disposed to reflect with greater complacency upon

their institution, when we call to mind, the labour of the miner. Interesting and curious, as a spectacle of this kind is, it is impossible to be restored to "the common sun, and air," without a feeling of satisfaction; we are almost surprised to find how genial the sunshine is, and how beautiful the sky,—and we drop with cheerfulness, a mite into the poor miner's box.

Before leaving the house where I had put on my dress, they showed that which had been worn by the Emperor when he visited the mines: it is of satin trimmed with gold lace, and every way fit for an Emperor.

I had spent nearly three hours in the mine,—and when I reached the superintendent's house, it was not without satisfaction that I saw the cheerful blaze of an enormous wood fire; for although it is not cold in the lower galleries, there is a damp chill which is more felt than the keenest air. I found a dinner awaiting me, which might have been called recherché even at Bouvillier's; for besides Chamois of the most exquisite flavour, we had woodcock,—and another bird

which I had not seen before: in vegetables indeed, our table was scanty; but good wine of Trent, and French Brandy made up for many deficiences. I found the superintendent a well-informed man upon all that regarded his own affairs,—and a staunch imperialist. There are two superintendents, who live by turns, each time two months, at Hall, and at the mines. Their salary is eight hundred florins (£93. 7s.) upon which they may live even affluently,—especially as house, and fire-wood, cost nothing. During the winter months however, I should think that even free fire-wood, and brandy ad libitum, will scarcely be sufficient to keep these wooden houses warm; and I was told, that the long continuance of a storm, frequently obliges one person to remain at the mines four months in place of two.

In the evening, the superintendent was obliged to attend to his duties,—and I took the opportunity of climbing up some of the neighbouring heights. Nothing could be more solemn and imposing than the coming on of evening in these far-up solitudes,—the majestic precipices,—the

dark forest,—the deep stillness,—the dusky depth of the torrent far below, now and then sending up its voice through the silent eve ; and in its pauses, heightening the perfect hush of nature. I gathered many beautiful flowers blooming, as they always do, upon the edge of the fallen avalanche, and of the deep hollows full of snow ; and before I found my way back to the superintendent's house, the stars were twinkling through the fir woods that fringed the mountain ridges. I never slept sounder than I did that night,—and as it had been covenanted that I should be called soon after sun-rise, I was on my way descending the ravine a little after five o'clock, after having complied with the old mountain practice of fortifying the stomach by a mouthful of eau-de-vie. In these high elevations, the mornings are seldom without frost : all the little patches of snow were crisped over ; and here and there, icicles hung from the rocks. The descent was soon accomplished, though I often paused, and turned, to look at the sublime scene I was leaving for ever ; and at a good break-

fast hour, I reached the black town of Hall, and the Inn which I had left the day before, greatly pleased with our excursion, which had shewn me alike, the triumphs of art, and the magnificence of nature.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LOWER VALLEY OF THE INN.

Morning prospects; Madame de Stael; Volders and its fare; Travellers' diet, and precautions; morning stages; Schwatz; an evening among the mountains; the river Inn, and its utility; visit to the Achen-see; a peasant's opinions; Rattenberg.

After the beautiful country I had just passed through, and the purity of air I had breathed, Hall looked so uninviting, that I resolved upon proceeding on my journey, without breaking my fast; trusting for a morning meal, to the first village I might have to pass through; and once more emerging from the dense cloud that hung over Hall, into the clear, mountain atmosphere of the Innthal, I set forward with elastic step, and buoyant spirits, to traverse this beautiful and

interesting valley. Every thing was bright, and joyous; the sky bright, blue, and cloudless,—the mountains, bright in the yellow beams of the morning; the trees, and the grass, were bright and glistering; for although the sun had been two or three hours risen, it had but newly risen upon the valley,—the country people looked as joyous as health and independence could make them; the birds were all at their song, making the air ring with their loud joyful notes,—the cattle even, looked as if they enjoyed the splendour of the morning,—and the clear, sparkling river, ran joyously on, in harmony with all the other harmonies of nature.

"Voyager, après tout, c'est un bien triste plaisir," says Madame de Stael. I can only say, that I have never found it so: inconveniences, it may have brought,—privations,—even real hardships, and dangers; but, tristesse, never: at least not in the sense in which the word is evidently used by Madame de Stael; one is not indeed always joyous, because nature, with which the traveller sympathizes, is not always presented under

a joyous aspect; the country may be sterile in place of riant,—a dark lake may occupy the place of a sparkling stream; clouds may obscure the sun; there may be silence on earth, and in the air; but there is not for all that, anything in the mind of the traveller, that would prompt him to say of travelling, "c'est un bien triste plaisir." It is evident that Madame de Stael, in using this expression, does not mean that sadness which, in circumstances such as I have mentioned, spreads itself over the mind of the traveller, because such sadness far from having any affinity with depression or want of interest, is the source of the purest and highest enjoyment. It seems to me, that the philosophical sayings of Madame de Stael owe any notoriety they possess, to their unintelligibility,—and sometimes, to the mystical language in which a common idea is announced.

After a charming walk, I reached the bridge which leads the road across to the right bank of the river; on the other side of which, stand the church and cloister of Volders. Here, although

anxious to reach the little village of Volders, about a mile farther, I was tempted to make a halt, to contemplate for a little, the singularly picturesque object that presented itself: the rude structure of the church; the unrivalled beauty of its situation; and above all, the two majestic trees that shadow its simple porch, might well tempt even the hungry traveller into forgetfulness of his necessities. In the appearance of the cloister, there was nothing very attractive; its square form and modern aspect, harmonized but indifferently, with the surrounding scenery; and as for the interior, my curiosity respecting cloisters and their inmates, had already been amply satisfied in those countries which are the hotbeds of catholic superstition. I was informed however, that four poor monks of the Franciscan order, ate the bread of charity,—and well supported a reputation for sanctity.

A quarter of an hour, brought me to the village of Volders,—the beauty of its situation, greatly surpassing its accommodation for travellers. I walked up one side of its little straggling

street, and down another side,—without being able to descry anything indicating a house of entertainment; and at length, after standing for a while, stock-still, and consulting the inner man as to the possibility of throwing breakfast and dinner into one, at the town of Schwatz, a few leagues farther, and having received an answer in the negative, I resolved upon accosting an elderly dame who stood at a door opposite, and whose bunch of keys depending from her girdle, seemed to indicate that there was something worth locking up, and consequently, something worth producing. A civil enquiry for a house of entertainment, produced a civil invitation to enter her own; which, although not a public house of entertainment, was one, of which it might be said, a traveller may go farther, and fare worse. I had no inclination to do either the one or the other; so I followed my hostess, and was speedily seated at a mess of pottage composed of Indian corn and milk, to which was added, some indifferent cheese, and fiery spirit,—all made palatable by that best of provocatives—a three or four hours'

walk in the morning mountain air.

A practised traveller, and especially, a pedestrian, gets accustomed to all kinds of diet; and as far as regards the satisfaction of hunger,—and even perhaps, the pleasure of satisfying it, one diet is as good as another. I have broken my fast with as great relish, with the brown bread, and cheese of Norway; or with the oily stew of a Spanish venta, as with the luxurious outfit of a breakfast table in the Trois Couronnes in Vevay, or the mail coach inn at Melton. But it is not beneath the consideration of the most practised traveller, to look beyond the moment of satisfying hunger. The comfort of a day's journey is not altogether uninfluenced by the breakfast diet; salt cheese, or fish,—ardent spirit,—or even animal food, if unaccompanied by diluents, will infallibly produce, unless to those accustomed to such diet, thirst, and a certain languor and depression, which, to the traveller, and especially, to the pedestrian, are most uncomfortable. Let no traveller be above providing against inconveniences; and judging by my own experience, I would say,—if

your journey lie through an untravelled country, where inns are bad, and rare,—and where the habits of the people differ altogether from your own; and if you are desirous of buoyant spirits, and elastic limbs; of having the eyes and the ears open to all impressions; and the mind capable of taking cognizance of them,—carry with you a small package of tea: you will always find water, sugar, generally milk, and a vessel to prepare the beverage in; and although I am far from advising the traveller to prepare for the labours of the day by swallowing a quantity of tea, let this, or other warm diluent, be the accompaniment of whatever unaccustomed fare is placed before you. In this however, you must follow my precept—not my example; for although in many other journeys I had not been forgetful of the precaution I have recommended, it was overlooked in the Tyrol: and I had reason, more than once, to regret the oversight. Let me only add, upon this subject, that the commodity in question, ought to be provided long before it is required; tea is not everywhere to be purchased;

and in countries where it is little used, it has generally been so long in the hands of the merchant as to be almost unfit for use,

Having breakfasted heartily on Tyrolean fare, and with difficulty forced a small coin on the acceptance of the hostess, I took the road a little before mid-day, purposing to dine in Schwatz; about two leagues and a half distant. This is a beautiful walk or drive; and although the day was hot; and noon, not the most eligible hour for a journey, I found little inconvenience from the noon-day rays: a succession of inviting paths lay through the fields that divided the road from the river; and although there was but scanty shade, a feeling of coolness is always produced by the presence of a river; and a grassy path communicates a real coolness to the feet.

I am no great advocate for long morning stages; unless one's object be, to get over a great deal of ground; or unless the country travelled through, lie in so southern a latitude, that the noon-day heats are insupportable. It is as well, and just as profitable, to travel comfortably, as

otherwise; and although a single stage of perhaps a couple of leagues before breakfast, is a certain provocative to the appetite, there is little else gained by it; and as for journeys of four or five leagues before breakfast, I utterly deprecate them, unless to thorough, and experienced travellers, to whom fatigue is unfelt, and fasting inoccuous. It sounds well to speak of the dew bespangled grass; the song of the early bird,—the wreathing mountain mists,—and the splendours of sun-rise; I have seen and enjoyed them all; and in my day, have been no contemptible morning pedestrian; but I have lately discovered, that all those charms that are characteristic of the morning, may be enjoyed without setting forth on one's journey; there may be bright streams, —and impearled dew,—and early birds,—and eminences that command the mountains and their mists, all within a stone's throw of one's inn. I think I have enjoyed the scenery of a Swiss lake, as much in a morning stroll, as when I have risen with the lark to perform a journey; and I am very sure I partook with greater relish,

of the moderately good breakfast that was laid out for me every day at Beiretz after half an hour's ramble on the sea shore, than the far more excellent breakfast spread for me at a Swiss inn, after a journey of twelve or fifteen miles. It is only lately however, that I have made these important discoveries: in the journey which occupies the present volumes, I adhered to my old plan of a stage before breakfast, whether on foot, or en voiture.

I reached Schwatz, as I had intended, in good time for dinner; and accidentally stumbled upon an inn, sufficient for the wants of travellers of greater pretensions than myself. I had intended to have gone forward to Rattenberg; but feeling assured from the glimpses I caught of the country in the neighbourhood of Schwatz, that an evening stroll would well compensate me for lost ground, I resolved to quarter at Schwatz for the night. I am not quite sure that the offer of a duck, and the discovery of some green pease,—the first I had seen,—had not some share in this determination. It is no doubt an important quali-

fication of a traveller, to be able to "rough it" a la militaire; and to be as merry and as contented in a loft, as on a down bed; and with the fare of a peasant, as with that of a noble: still, it adds, in no inconsiderable degree, to the enjoyment of a day's journey, if to all the other pleasures of travelling, be added, that of a daintily spread board. To eat with appetite, and to eat with relish, are two different things; I have dined as heartily on the brown bread of Norway, or on the rancid stews of Andalusia, as on the choice viands of a Parisian café; but have enjoyed them less; and certainly the duck and green pease at Schwatz, were felt to be no contemptible winding up to the day's pleasures.

Towards evening, I left my inn, to stroll in the neighbourhood of the town. At Schawtz, the southern range of mountains approach almost close to the river, while on the opposite side, the northern range retires, leaving between it and the river, the same extent of meadow and cultivated land, which, till reaching Schwatz, is found on the southern side. I found nothing very at-

tractive in the town of Schwatz; which is a respectable old market town, formerly of more importance than it is now,—the silver mines for which it was once celebrated, being no longer productive; and the town having besides suffered extremely during the wars of the revolution.

The mountain range that rises behind Schwatz, is as finely diversified as mountain range can be. I plunged at a venture into one of its valleys: and then climbed its eastern acclivity, the upper part of which, was bathed in gold. But I never reached the gilded line; gradually it rose, as I mounted; and before I had half gained the point I had aimed at, the glorious light of parting day flamed only on the highest summits. The sober grey of evening was around me on the mountain side; and deep twilight had gathered in the valley below. It was time to return to Schwatz; so retracing my steps, I descended the slopes, and in about an hour, I emerged from the mountains, with many pleasant recollections of lights and shadows yet lingering on the vision,—of solitude and stillness, and the small mountain sounds that

are more akin to silence than noise,—and of all the thousand deep-felt, but inexpressible emotions, that are born among the eternal hills, when evening fills their valleys, creeps over their declivities, and throws its mantle on their summits.

From Schwatz, my natural course would have been, by the high way to Rattenberg; which lies about three leagues lower down the Innthall,—but I resolved in preference to cross the river,—and visiting the Achen-see, a small lake in the northern range of mountains,—thus take a circuitous route to Rattenberg: and after an early breakfast at Schwatz, I was ferried across the river to make my way by bye roads, or no roads, to the Achen-see.

The Inn is now a navigable river; and from Hall, indeed, serves for the transport of light merchandize all the way to the capital, a distance of at least five hundred miles. The reader needs not to be told, that the Inn, crossing Bavaria, after leaving the Tyrol, enters the Danube at Passau; and mingling its waters with that celebrated river, flows past Imperial Vienna. From Hall,

salt is transported in considerable quantities; and it will perhaps surprise some, to learn what is however perfectly true, that the fresh butter made at Rattenberg, is sold in the market of Vienna, on the fifth morning after it is churned. It may easily be supposed that this commodity would not of itself, pay the expense of transport; but by the same conveyance, Chamois is sent to the Metropolis, where it bears an exhorbitant price; and certain woollen manufactures, and knit stockings, the produce of the lower Innthal, form part of the cargo.

For a few miles after being ferried across the Inn, I continued to follow its left bank, till, at the small hamlet of Stans, it turns suddenly to the south; and making enquiries at this little village, the way was pointed out to me by which I might reach the Achen-see. It was altogether a mountain path; leaving the valley of the Inn, and entering the northern range of mountains. In this walk, I had an interesting companion; it was the only inn-keeper of the hamlet of Stans: a fine looking, hale old man of nearly sixty,—

who owned some little property, and whose house was open to such villagers and country people, as wished to recreate themselves with a glass, a pipe, and the conversation of an intelligent man. Learning my intention of looking at the Achensee, he offered to accompany me, taking a fishing rod in his hand, and a basket slung behind him. I thought it likely this man might recollect something of the war; or might even have been himself an actor in it; and I asked him if he had ever carried a rifle.

I wish I were able to present the reader with the portrait of the old peasant as I addressed this question to him. We were walking up a steep mountain path: he stopped,—faced round,—leant upon his rod,—and in almost a whisper said, "Sir you are an Englishman; I say to you, what I would not say to every one: I carried a rifle, and used it too; but in a bad cause. Hofer was a hero,—Speckbacker, whom I followed was a hero; Haspinger was a hero; but they were all three fools. Our balls were all spent in defence of Austria: and let me tell you, this arm

can carry a rifle yet,—but not for Austria."

"But," said I, "if not under the government of Austria, under what government would the Tyrol place itself?

"Under the government of Tyroleans," said he, "Switzerland is free,—and respected; and your government has recognized its republic: have we shown less ardour in defence of our privileges than the Swiss? but no matter; our turn is at hand."

Upon all these matters,—the Tyrolean war,—and its supporters,—Hofer, Speckbacker, Haspinger, and of the domination of Austria, I shall speak at some length by and bye; and this dialogue will then be more intelligible to the reader. When the old peasant had finished his last sentence, he shouldered his rod, and strode up the hill; and although I made several attempts to bring him back to the subject, I was unsuccessful. Upon other topics however, his conversation was sufficiently instructive; and although I am unable to recollect the details of it, it enabled me to correct my judgment of what I had seen or afterwards saw around me,—and

carried me agreeably forward to the margin of the Achen-see. This is one of those many mountain gems, that are visited but by the Eagle and the Chamois,—and whose waters are ruffled only by the mountain breeze, and by the leap of the silent creatures that dwell beneath them. The outlet of the Achen-see is on the Bavarian side, —the little stream that flows out of it, crossing the Bavarian frontier at a few leagues from the lake, and falling into the Iser. The Achen-see is about four miles long and about one broad. There is nothing in its appearance, that will of itself repay the traveller for his labour: but the labour of an excursion among mountain scenery is its own reward: and he who looks for a result independent of this pleasure, will generally be disappointed.

I loitered upon the margin of the Achen-see an hour or two; and leaving my Tyrolean companion busy with his rod, which he used with considerable success, I descended the steeps towards the Innthal and Rattenberg. It was a beautiful walk down the ravine that opened on the Inn-

thal: there was the deep basin below,—the Inn flowing through it: the cultivated slopes encompassing it,—the high range of mountains rising above them,—and Rattenberg nestling at their feet. It was such a scene as might well suit a Diorama. About two hours after leaving the Achen-see, I reached the bank of the Inn, and immediately after, the little old fashioned town of Rattenberg, which contains nothing to arrest the steps of the traveller, unless his thoughts should be gravitating towards dinner; which chanced to be my case. I therefore established myself in an inn whose good cheer proved the sagacity of my choice: and by the bye, it is no despicable qualification of a traveller, to be sagacious in the choice of an inn, a matter in which I think, some pertinent rules may be laid down. At present I shall not enlarge upon these; but it may certainly be made a rule, not indeed without exceptions, but with few perhaps,—that a new Inn is better than an old one,—and cleaner; and that, cæteris paribus, an inn kept by a Hostess, is more comfortable than one kept by a Host. My

inn at Rattenberg, was one of the exceptions; for it was very old; and had no mistress,—and yet, for such a place as Rattenberg, was unexceptionable. My choice was determined by seeing five or six respectable Rattenbergers issue from the door, with every appearance of satisfaction on their countenances; which I naturally concluded to have been produced by the excellence of the table d'Hôte, which I took it for granted they had just quitted.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOURNEY TO KUFSTEIN.

Worgl; a rainy day, and its occupations; a digression; female dresses; Kufstein; return to Inspruck; Statistics; the Innthal.

I left Rattenberg the same afternoon, on my way to Kufstein, which I meant to be the limit of my excursion down the Innthal, which indeed terminates there: but Kufstein was four leagues distant; and reaching the little village of Worgl opportunely, just as the sun was about to set, I resolved to halt; and put up with such accommodation as Worgl afforded. A tolerably long day's journey reconciled me to a hard couch: and some fresh fish from the river eked out a tolerable supper.

Next morning it rained torrents; and having left my baggage at Innspruck, excepting that small part which is necessary for daily comfort, whether in wet or dry weather, I found myself weather-bound at Worgl,—certainly one of the least auspicious of havens. Such an event is extremely embarrassing to a traveller who has no object beyond that of present gratification; but to one who meditates a post octavo, there is nothing more desirable. When the skies are serene, and nature inviting, one is loth to lose a day,—still more loth to sit within doors; and notes upon notes accumulate; but when a sortie can be contemplated only in connexion with being drenched, one is easily reconciled to a sojourn within doors. Submitting therefore with a good grace, I had only to select the most agreeable room in the little inn, which did not indeed boast many; and revenge myself on the weather, by making myself independent of it. My window looked out upon the mountain range; shrouded in rain-clouds; but presenting at intervals, those magnificent glimpses, which are only to be obtained in

the seasons of clouds and storms.

I believe, the routes of travellers scarcely differ more from each other, than their manner of inditing their travels. Some, take daily notes, and extend them into a narrative at night; others, dedicate a day at intervals, to the extension of notes: some write out a perfect narrative at once; and some delay till their return home, all attempt to embody their observations in a connected form: these plans have each their advantages and disadvantages. To a pedestrian, the first of the plans, is impossible; and to no kind of traveller is it convenient; for bodily fatigue is an effectual bar to mental exertion; and in order to write well, a certain measure of comforts around one, is necessary,—at least to many. But to the plan of writing out a manuscript for the Press, either each night, or at intervals, during a journey, there is a more serious objection. The observations of one day, correct the judgments of the preceding; or strengthen them: and it must consequently follow, that a narrative written from day to day, must either be crude and erroneous

in its statements, or else, contradictory and ill arranged; for either the corrected impressions must be left out, or they must be thrust in, out of their natural place. It appears to me, that in order to write an authentic and impartial book of travels, containing the true and accumulated results of the traveller's observations, the book must not be written until the traveller finishes his journey. Without meaning any compliment to myself, or my own books, there is no impropriety perhaps, in telling my own system.

I have a small memorandum book, and a larger book,—the latter, containing perhaps a hundred blank pages for each volume intended to be written. This book is like a day-book for commercial purposes; only the entries are somewhat different. It contains an index of letters; which are filled up as one goes along. Under the letter C. may perhaps be found, Convents page ——, Commerce, page ——. Under D. Dress, page ——, under M. Manners,—under N. National Character,—under P. Prices of Provisions, Political Condition,—under S. Street Po-

lation—Superstition, &c. &c. The small Memorandum book, I use hourly,—entering whatever occurs to me, at no greater length than suffices to bring a distinct image or idea to my mind. At such intervals and opportunities as present themselves, or as I purposely create, I transfer these short notes in a somewhat extended form, to the larger book. Thus, the traits of national character which I have observed in twenty different places, are accumulated under one head; and when my journey is ended, the whole results are placed before me under the respective heads to which they apply.

It may be said, that this plan, although good, as regards the character, manners, morals, and condition of a people, cannot be the best, as respects description of natural scenery,—or indeed, of any object that addresses the senses merely. I am however of a different opinion. I have always found, that in travelling amid fine scenery, such as is presented in Switzerland, or the Tyrol, the mind is too much excited to permit the approach of that contemplative mood which is the

best for composition: or, if it be objected, that the more excited the imagination is, the more forcible and graphic will be the pictures to which it gives birth,—I answer, that this if true, will apply only to those images by which it is at the moment occupied. If I have travelled a week, and during that week have seen the Lakes of Lucern, Thun, and Brientz,—or the bay and rock of Gibraltar, the Alhambra of Granada, and the Sierra Nevada; and if at the end of that week, I extend my narrative, it is evident, that the most recent impressions will be the most vivid,—and accordingly, although I might possibly sketch a more vigorous picture of the last seen object than if I delayed the sketch till the conclusion of my journey, it would assuredly be at the expence of the other objects that were seen earlier. But, in delaying the extension of notes till the conclusion of the journey, this prominence of one object over another is avoided. Impressions have then receded to nearly one level,—and as memory recalls each in its turn, imagination also invests the image with all the

freshness with which it was first beheld; and thus no picture is finished with any undue advantage over another. I fear this digression has been rather prolonged; and I therefore hasten to return to my narrative, which I left off, engaged with my notes in the window of my inn.

Towards evening, the clouds rolled off the mountain sides; and their peaks again came out from the mists, that now fell, like smoke, down the defiles, and at last melted away: but I had become accustomed to my little inn; and resolved not to leave it till morning. The people were civil and communicative; and were not at all displeased at a little bantering, on the singularly unbecoming dress of the females of the household. I have already spoken of the dress of the women; but here, in the lower Innthal, it becomes more and more preposterous. In the Tyrol, vanity does not appear to be exercised on the same objects as elsewhere. A handsome leg,—or at least, a pretty ancle, is generally looked upon as not the least contemptible of female charms; but in the Tyrol it is otherwise: stock-

ings—thick woollen stockings, are three times the length of the leg: and are therefore allowed to gather themselves in enormous folds, and plaits, that render the ankle as thick as a moderate waist, in Paris, or elsewhere. It may be indeed, that they look upon a charm as more a charm, the more it is concealed. There is a limit however to this principle. I ought to mention, that the older the women are, they have the greater number of petticoats. The hostess and her daughter permitted me to satisfy my curiosity as to the number and quality of theirs. The mother, who was about fifty years of age had nine; the eldest daughter, who looked almost thirty, but who assured me she was not yet twenty three, wore six,—and the younger,—a girl of eighteen or nineteen, was contented with one less. All of these were of a woollen stuff, thicker in its texture than moderately thick flannel. The younger of the damsels was also prevailed upon to draw her stocking tight; but she was shocked at the display; and immediately reinstated the leg in its Tyrolean privileges. I do assure my fair readers

however, that had the leg so esconced in woollen, been fitted with an elastic silk stocking, it might have excited the envy of some of them.

I was rewarded for my patience by a charming morning, and after a very early breakfast, I was on the road to Kufstein. A succession of the same fine river and mountain scenery carried me agreeably on my way; and without passing through any other village, I found myself, after a pleasant three hour's walk, close upon Kufstein,—a very enticing little domicile. The town lies close to the river,—and immediately under an elevated rock, which is crowned by a little stronghold, and flanked by some batteries: a wild mountain range rises to the south,—and on the northern side, towards Bavaria, the more cultivated and lower country indicates the course of the river Inn, which now, a magnificent stream, turns due north immediately after passing Kufstein, and enters Bavaria, through the eastern part of which, it flows to join the Danube at Passau. Kufstein is situated within a league of the Tyrolean frontier.

There is nothing to detain the traveller long in Kufstein. But before returning to Inspruck I made an excursion as far as Salzburg,—but as this book is entitled "the Tyrol," I shall not dwell at great length upon this part of my journey. It is impossible however, that any one who has even seen Salzburg and its neighbourhood, can forget either the one or the other; and I cannot therefore allow myself to omit all notice of them. In this excursion, I was not a pedestrian,—I hired a smart pony at Kufstein, for which I paid two shillings per day,—and journeyed on it, pleasantly enough, through the eastern extremity of the Innthall, to the gate of the ancient city of Salzburg.

Every one must be struck, on entering Salzburg, by its fine gateway hewn through the rock. Above the gateway is a bust of the Prince by whose direction the work was executed,—and Te Saxa loquuntur is the inscription. The city itself, is attractive rather by its fine situation and antique look, than through any positive merits of its own. There is indeed, a handsome square,—a

fine citadel, several striking churches, and a considerable number of good houses: but it is the environs of Salzburg that confer upon it its distinction. I walked after dinner to the citadel, a delapidated place, but from which a fine view over the surrounding country is obtained. The Cicerone did not fail to show me, as he has shewn to others, the chamber whose history recalls the palmy days of Papal power,—for there, by a Pope's command, a Prince-Bishop was confined many years, for having privately espoused a fair, and too seductive mistress.

There is not much in Salzburg to detain the traveller long. The riding academies of this city were once celebrated; and are still, though dirty and delapidated, worth a visit. There are some rude paintings on the walls, of headless Turks, and unmanageable horses, besides a statue of Bucephalus.

The day following my arrival at Salzburg, chanced to be market day,—always an interesting day in a strange place. The dress of the females, I found to be more Bavarian than Tyro-

lean,—the head being very generally adorned with a covering of cloth of gold. There was a fine display of vegetables and of fruit,—as well as of the more substantial articles of subsistence; and I did not neglect the opportunity of making myself acquainted with the prices of provisions. Meat, I found, sold at about 3½d. per lb.; butter at 5d.; a couple of fine fowls might be had for 1s. 2d.; and all kinds of vegetables and fruit, I found proportionably cheap. To those who might be contented with a residence where there is no English society, and who might consider a fine country and cheap living an indemnification for these, Salzburg would be an eligible enough abode. I also enquired the price of houses. I might have obtained a small, but comfortable house, tolerably well furnished; with a delightful garden, for £18. ster. per annum.

Before returning to the Tyrol, I visited Hallein where are situated the famous salt mines. I left Salzburg after breakfast; and after a two hour's ride, reached the base of the mountain where the mines are situated. The path up the mountain is

easy,—and the scenery enchanting,—not what one might expect in the neighbourhood of mines, which are usually encompassed by features of sterility,—but forming a fine union of the beautiful, the picturesque, and the sublime: there is the greenest of pasture,—the finest masses of dark wood,—and the most rugged acclivities. Not far from the summit stands a small church, and some few houses; and near to them, is the entrance into the mine. Having so lately explored these subterranean wonders, and sufficiently satisfied my curiosity, I felt no inclination to visit the mines: but I was sufficiently rewarded for my ascent by the delightful scenery through which I passed,—and by the noble prospect over half the principality. Besides, I wished to visit the lake Berchtolsgaden; I returned part of the same road to Salzburg, and then, according to the directions I had received, turned off to the right, up a romantic defile traversed by the Achen; where is also situated, the little town of the same name with a castle and a convent. I reached the lake early in the afternoon; and was rowed to

its head by a fisherman and his son, by whose labours, a large family was supported; for the fish of this lake are highly esteemed; and sell at a considerable price. We landed near an old seat of the Kings of Bavaria, which they used as a hunting seat; but we found no admittance; at a small cottage however, near the gate, I got some delightful fish, and new bread of Indian corn. After wandering for a time, in the environs of this lake, dreaming away a delightful hour or two in reminiscences of past days, when Kings were warriors and hunters, I was again rowed across the lake in the gathering twilight; and mounting my pony, rode back to Salzburg, by star light. I have nothing farther to add, of my excursion to Salzburg, from which, I returned to Kufstein, next day.

My journey as far as Hall, presented nothing worthy of recording,—I diverged indeed from the Inn, to penetrate the Zillerthall, a fine Alpine valley, which runs upwards of sixty miles into the heart of the mountains; and reached the village of Zell, beyond which however, I

did not proceed. But a narrative of this excursion, would be but repetition of description, or a record of feelings, little interesting to any but the traveller himself.

I returned to Inspruck by the opposite side of the river from that by which I had walked to Hall, passing through several villages, amongst others Tauer, where I had already been, when the sacred drama was performed. The road leads all the way through a beautiful country, in which Indian corn is the staple produce; many of the peasantry were in the fields at work; others were at play,—shooting at marks. They used guns,—and the marks were about a hundred and twenty yards distant. This is a favorite amusement in the Tyrol; but I understood it was discouraged as much as possible, by the government. I reached Inspruck early in the afternoon, after having spent a fortnight much to my satisfaction.

The two following days I devoted to a ramble through the valley of Stubei, the head of which, is about six leagues from Inspruck. I shall not give any detail of this pleasant ramble,—which

carried me among many charming, and striking scenes, and among a very simple and primitive people: at the extremity of the valley, one is close to the Glacier of Grahes near to which is a small lake, that almost every year, is the cause of much devastation in the valley, owing to the fall of avalanches, which force its waters out of their bed. There is also a small cluster of houses in the valley, and a bath, where the inhabitants of Inspruck resort, as from greater towns, to enjoy the freedom of the country.

Numerous castles lie upon the slopes and eminences of the mountains near Inspruck, to one or other of which, I walked almost every evening while I remained there. There is not much to see in the interior of any of them,—excepting a little old furniture, some ancient relics, and a few pictures, chiefly of the ancient possessors, who were generally some branch of the imperial family. But they are all worth a visit, because the situation of them all is delightful,—and from the elevations upon which they are built, as well as from the windows of these castles, picturesque and ex-

tensive views are always enjoyed.

Preserving every where, the character of a valley, there is no valley in Europe that I am acquainted with, that will bear a comparison with the Innthall. I speak strictly of valleys, which of course are to be found only in mountainous countries,—and which never lose the character of a valley in that of a plain, by too wide a separation of the mountain boundaries. The valley of the Rhine, will not compare with the Innthall in the light in which I at present compare them. The valley of the Rhine is little else than a water course,—containing indeed some villages and towns,—but not forming, like the Innthall, a fertile and populous country. In extent and population the Swiss valleys are all diminutive; the valley of the Rheus, except in its lower extremity, is but a ravine; and the valley of the Rhone, which forms the Vallois, is in every respect the reverse of a fertile and populous valley. In France, there are no valleys, properly so called,—excepting in the Pyrenees; and there, the valleys of the Garonne or the Gave, are little

beyond defiles, until these rivers emerge into the plains of Languedoc and Bearn. Spain has no great valleys, in the proper acceptation of the word. Its rivers, after descending from the Sierras, roll through plains. The Danube and the Elbe, excepting near their sources, form no valleys, but traverse either defiles or plains. The valley of the Glommen, in Norway, is indeed, of vast extent; but it is neither fertile nor peopled: and the Meuse, although its banks expand at times into amphitheatres, as at Namur, yet preserves the character of a defile until it emerges into the plain of Liege. In England, there are no great mountain ranges by which valleys could be formed. In Scotland, the river courses are but defiles,—with the exception of the Tweed, the Clyde, and the Tay: but the Tweed and the Tay have no mountain boundaries in those parts of their courses which are marked by population and fertility: and the Clyde, whose banks above Hamilton, are but fertile strips, there emerges into a plain.

Let me contrast all these valleys with the Inn-

thal. First of all, before entering the Tyrol, the Inn forms the two Engadines,—a valley of sixty miles in length, containing twenty three towns, and supporting the whole of its inhabitants by its productions. This valley varies from one to five miles in width, and is bounded on both sides, by the high Alps. The Innthall of the Tyrol, may be said to commence at the junction of the Cetz with the Inn, a little above Hemingen; and in its whole extent, as far as Kufstein, it measures not less than a hundred and twenty miles. During the whole of this course, the Innthall preserves the strict character of a valley. It is all along bounded by lofty mountain ranges on both sides; never, narrows into a defile; nor ever expands into a plain. It varies in breadth from two to six miles,—measuring from the limits of the cultivated ground on each side, which encroaches a little on the slopes of the mountain range. Every where, the Innthall is under the highest state of cultivation; Indian corn being as I have already said, the chief produce; but growing also, grain of every description,—flax,

and garden produce. The Innthall contains seven towns of considerable magnitude; upwards of forty smaller towns and villages; and nearly two hundred hamlets; with many single houses, castles, and cottages; and including altogether, a population exceeding 150,000. Such is the valley of the Inn, or Innthall, in extent, and population, surpassing, as I believe, every other valley in Europe; and as remarkable for its fertility, as for its extent and population; since it supports by its productions, the whole of its population, supplying to them, every thing, excepting those commodities which the wants of luxury have created a demand for. It is singular that the Tyrol should contain another valley inferior only to the Innthal,—I mean the valley of the Adidge; which forms the greater part of the southern Tyrol. But of this division of the Tyrol, I shall speak by and bye.

Before taking leave of Inspruck, let me add a few words respecting its history, &c. The neighbourhood of Inspruck, where the village of Wilten now stands, was in former days, the site of

the Roman city of Veldidena. The origin of Inspruck, like that of all other cities, is matter that does not belong to history; but in the eleventh century, Inspruck was a place of some note. Otto, Duke of Meran was the first authenticated Lord of Inspruck, and by him it was fortified, and made a city in the year 1234. The house of this Otto is still in existence; it goes by the name of Ottoburg, and the date of 1232 is still visible upon it. In its early history, Inspruck was exposed to all the usual vicissitudes of towns, during the early ages,—taken by one, burnt by another, rebuilt by a third, and lorded over by all; but in 1363, Margaret, then the Sovereign of Inspruck and of the Tyrol, left her possessions to the family of the house of Austria; with whom, the Tyrol has, with few interruptions, ever since remained.

I have already spoken of the situation of the capital of the Tyrol, as regards the valley of the Inn. Inspruck lies no less than two thousand feet above the level of the sea; its temperature is extremely variable; the mean temperature is said

to be 7½ of Réaumur. The population, without reckoning military, is between twelve and thirteen thousand.

CHAPTER XVII.

JOURNEY ACROSS MOUNT BRENNER.

Expense of travelling in the Tyrol; journey from Inspruck to Brenner; the peasantry of the mountains; dress; scenery; helps to devotion; the land and cottages; Schönberg; ascent, and arrival at the summit; primitive habits of the people; mount Brenner; a general idea of the topography of the Tyrol; night accommodation at Brenner; descent on the southern side; Sterzing; scenery of the valley.

The hotels of Inspruck are expensive; and I was greatly surprised to find my bill as large as it would have been in the most frequented, and most luxurious hotel in Switzerland. I had heard that the Tyrol was a cheap country; and expected to get through it for half nothing; but indeed, there are sufficient reasons, why the upper Tyrol should be an expensive country to a traveller. It is precisely in such a country as this, where

there is some, but not much travelling, that one pays the most. When a country is much frequented, there is a choice of habitable inns—suited to all purses,—and competition in some degree keeps down prices: when on the other hand, a country is not travelled by any body, it is useless to be provided for the reception of travellers: establishments are not kept up; and if the traveller fares ill, he pays little. But,—as the landlord of the hotel at Inspruck truly argued, when I questioned the reasonableness of his bill,—"in a country like the Tyrol, travelled only by a limited number of persons, most of whom wish to be well accommodated,—and for but a few months in summer, hotel keepers must charge extravagantly, in order that they may maintain their establishment through the winter. I know the charge is high" said he with sufficient honesty,—"but if it were less, I could not receive you in so good a house, or entertain you so well."

Provisions too, such as a traveller expects to find, are not low priced in the Tyrol. One likes to eat wheaten bread; but wheat is an article of

commerce,—not of growth in the upper Tyrol. One expects beef and mutton too,—but the Tyroleans eat little meat; and as the demand is limited, so is the supply; vegetables also, one is accustomed to,—but only the very hardiest vegetables grow in the valley of the Inn; and after coming out of any of the lower countries, one looks for dessert, and vin à discretion; but both of these are articles of luxury at Inspruck; fruit and wine must be carried to Inspruck across Brenner, from Botzen, and from the valleys of the southern Tyrol. It is not surprising therefore that the hotels of Inspruck are expensive. In the southern Tyrol they are less so; because all the valleys to the south of mount Brenner are fruit and wine countries; and because in the remoter valleys, the inns are indifferent, because travellers are few,—while on the Italian frontier on the contrary, competition keeps down prices because travellers are many. Wherever the traveller is not willing to put up with the fare of a country, but looks for the gratification of his accustomed tastes wherever he goes, he must pay

dear for the indulgence. If one chose to travel through the Tyrol, and live precisely as the peasantry live, travelling would be cheap enough; I have heard a Frenchman complain bitterly of the expense of travelling in England, "my wine" said he "mounts to 10s. 6d. a day;" but the Frenchman was not contented with English fare, and drank every day, his bottle of claret.

The price of travelling in every country, is regulated by general principles; by the demand for, and the supply of its accommodations,—and by the causes which necessarily influence the prices of provisions. As for the expense of transport from one place to another,—there are no public conveyances in the Tyrol; and one must therefore, either hire a carriage, or be pedestrian, —the cheapest as well as the best mode of travelling,—whether for information or pleasure,—presuming of course, that youth, health, and strength are on the side of the traveller.

I left Inspruck on a gloomy morning, crossing the Inn, and taking the road up the bank of the Sill, which descends from mount Brenner. The

road climbs through fine woods and highly picturesque scenes,—leaving the Sill on the left, many hundred feet below, in a narrow rocky bed ; and the valley of the Inn is almost entirely shut out.

To those travellers who gather interest in a journey, from historic recollections, the pass of the Brenner will have more to recommend it, than its Alpine claims ; for in ascending this mountain-ridge, one is following the footsteps of the barbarian Kings and armies who overthrew the Roman dominion, and established in its stead, the Gothic and Ostragothic empires. Theodoric, —Odoacer, and Attila, each sought the regions of the south, by the pass of the Brenner : but in still earlier days, we have records of Roman conquests in the time of Augustus, among the people of this part of the Alps,—and it is even said, that Brenner was so christened, by Brennus, who penetrated by this pass to the gates of ancient Rome. For my own part I travel less to feast on the past, than to observe the present, and notwithstanding the sneer of the antiquarian, I must avow, that the enjoyment of my journey up the

Brenner was in no degree enhanced by the recollection that Attila had gone before me, unless perhaps the consciousness, that mine was a more peaceful errand; and that I was likely to be more welcome.

No sooner has one left this valley, and begun to enter among the mountains, than a difference is seen in the dress of the peasantry; and a very singular usage it is, by which they are distinguished. The breeches, of black leather, do not descend so far as the knee,—they are buttoned above; and as the stockings, which are without feet—do not reach so far as the knee, that prominent part of the leg is left bare: like the peasantry I had already seen, they wore tapering hats, with silk bands and tassels, and artificial flowers stuck in them. In other countries, ornaments about the dress of the peasantry, are generally worn but on holidays,—but it is otherwise in the Tyrol; the peasantry there, seem to be always dressed for a holiday,—for tasseled hats, and artificial flowers are worn every day. I noticed more round hats; and fewer worsted caps;

and scarcely so many petticoats among the women of the mountains. The cottages which I passed by, were in general, unlike the abodes of poverty; and it was evident, from the little enclosures of corn, flax, and vegetables, that the inmates were proprietors.

About a league from Inspruck, the aspect of the country becomes different, and the views change. High bare acclivities rise around,—entirely covered by clusters of flowers, blooming in the midst of barrenness; among which blue bells, wild ranunculus, and flowering thyme, are particularly plentiful. From this spot, the descent to the channel of the Sill, cannot be less than a thousand feet: this great declivity is not a precipice; but an inclined plane, without a tree or a shrub,—and it is so far from being perpendicular, that one contemplates the possibility, and almost entertains the project, of sliding to the foot.

I have already spoken of the great number of helps and incitements to devotion that are erected by the road side, in every part of the Tyrol.

These are incredibly numerous on the road I am now travelling: some are chapels; some crosses, with the crucifixion represented in wood,—some, pedestals, with the image of a favorite Saint; some, little three cornered boxes, raised upon poles, with representations, or images of the Virgin and child. Of all these different kinds, I counted no fewer than forty-seven, between Inspruck and Schönberg—a distance of three leagues. His Imperial Majesty of Austria sometimes puts in his claim also to the devotion of the Tyroleans. I noticed at one place, within twenty yards of each other, a large cross, with a representation of the crucifixion,—and a pedestal, with a statue of the Emperor Francis, with two flags waving on each side, and the Austrian Eagle, as usual, conspicuous below. These two erections were so cunningly placed,—that the Tyrolean passing between them, and uncovering his head, did obeissance to His Royal master at the same time that he performed an act of devotion.

The produce of the land, as I ascended higher, of course changed with the alteration in climate;

Indian corn became rare, and then totally disappeared; barley and oats in small quantities, and a little flax, were seen; but pasture was now the principal support of the husbandman. With the change in the product of the soil, I observed no alteration in the people; the cottages were still comfortable,—and the inhabitants decently dressed, and respectable in appearance. Every thing too appeared to be in good order; the fences well constructed; the little gardens well arranged and well cultivated; and the fields industriously laboured; so that notwithstanding the superstitions of the Tyroleans, it would appear, that these do not, as in some Catholic countries, interfere with their duties. Where men cultivate their own land, self-interest will generally battle hard against superstition; or it may be, even against the dictates of conscience.

At the little town of Schönberg, I stopped, to breakfast; and for my own part, I scarcely know anything more agreeable, than after a morning walk of three or four leagues, through a mountainous country, and mountain air, entering the

door of a promising inn,—seating one self upon one chair, and throwing ones legs upon another, —and looking from the window, along the road one has travelled, while waiting for breakfast; 'tis true indeed, that one does not at an inn in the Tyrol, hear the sound of the whizzing kettle, and see the comfortable set-out of tea and toast, and all the more substantial paraphernalia; but café au lait is not altogether despicable; and with good bread, and delicious butter, and cured Chamois tongue, breakfast even at Schönberg was an interlude to be enjoyed. After breakfast, according to Tyrolean usage in some places, a dessert of pastry was put down.

Having rested a couple of hours at Schönberg, I commenced in good earnest, the ascent of the pass of mount Brenner. From Schönberg to Brenner, there are five leagues of constant ascent, —presenting every variety of mountain scenery, and a thousand attractions for the lover of capricious and unadorned nature. I passed two small villages within the first two leagues after leaving Schönberg; at the latter of them the Sill

branches into two mountain rivulets, up one of which, the road still ascends; and from this point, until reaching the summit of the pass, there is no habitation, excepting a few shepherd's chalets. The scenery becomes wilder, as the road ascends. The rivulet rushes by, a mountain torrent; and the woods diminish in extent and height. About half way, or a little more, between Schönberg and the summit, I reached a small lake about half a mile long,—and narrow, the feeder of one of the streams that formed the Sill. Some dark firs fringed its margin, and several flocks of sheep and goats, were browzing on the rocks above. It was almost as wild a scene as the lake of the Oberalp; the source of the Rheus. Here,—the chief part of the ascent is mastered; and another hour's walk brought me to the highest part of the road, and in sight of the very small village of Brenner, which lies just at the point where the descent on the southern side begins. It was nearly four o'clock when I reached the village, having been five hours and a half on the road from Schönberg.

There is of course but one inn, at Brenner, kept by two old maids, the kindest creatures in the world, who scarcely knew how much to make of me; they heated a stove, so hot, that to make me comfortable, the room was soon like an oven; and so anxious were they, that my dinner should be to my mind, that they brought to me, two live bantam cocks, to know which I might prefer. Being an indifferent poulterer, I was really at a loss to decide,—and the hostess, perceiving my difficulty, and probably mistaking its cause, took the sure course of making ready both, which in less than an hour, were placed upon the table; with such little additions, as the village of Brenner, and the skill, and anxiety of the old ladies were likely to produce.

No where perhaps in Europe, are manners so primitive as in the mountain villages of the Tyrol; and in a few places, are religious duties more regularly performed, or with more singleness of heart. About six o'clock, just after I had dined, a small treble chime from the village church, called the villagers to prayer; and they all obey-

ed the summons. The two or three little shops were shut up,—the cottages were locked,—the inn doors even were closed; and some seventy or eighty persons—old and young,—the whole inhabitants of the village; were seen straggling along, with their prayer books in their hands. I did not remain alone in the inn, but went with the flock. There was little of the pomp and majesty of the Catholic church, to be seen there: it was as lowly a house, and as unadorned, as any of our Protestant temples; but for the single image of the Redeemer, it might have been a meeting house. I saw much apparent, and I have no doubt, genuine devotion among these simple minded villagers; and however much the Catholic faith may be cumbered by ceremonial; or even among some of its professors, debased by superstition, I believe that the Almighty will not reject the devotion that is offered in sincerity.

When the service concluded, there was yet time for a two hours ramble among the mountains. From the pass over the Brenner, where the village is situated, the highest summits of the

mountain are not visible. I therefore climed a shoulder of the mountain, which I supposed intercepted the highest parts from my view; and after a toilsome ascent of about a thousand feet, I gained a pinnacle from which the summit of mount Brenner was visible. It might be about three thousand feet higher than the spot I had attained; which, if correct, would make the elevation of the village of Brenner, about six thousand feet. A dazzling field of snow, covered all the upper part of the mountain,—so that the ascent would have been difficult, if not dangerous; and as it was impossible, from the geographical position of mount Brenner, that the prospect from the summit could reward the labour of an ascent, I abandoned the idea I had half entertained, of remaining a day or two at Brenner, for the purpose of undertaking the journey.

From the point which I had gained,—the descent on both sides of mount Brenner was laid open. I could see the little lake on the northern side of the pass, from which the Sill descends into the valley of the Inn; and the other little

lake to the south of the village of Brenner, which is the source of the rivers that flow into the southern Tyrol; and from an elevation like this, one naturally calls to mind, the geographical situation of the country that lies around. The Tyrol is in its geographical peculiarities, a singular country. Considering its size, which is not greatly more than half that of Switzerland, it is a much more mountainous country; not indeed containing so many lofty mountains; but more covered by mountains of one kind and another. Switzerland is a country of mountains, and valleys, and even plains; all mingled together: the Tyrol is much more simple in its internal geography. It consists of one great valley running north and south; extending from the foot of mount Brenner on the south, all the way to Roveredo, where it merges soon after in the plains of Italy: and of two great lateral valleys; running east and west,—one, the valley of the Inn; beginning at Funsterminz on the confines of the Grisons, and ending only with the boundary of the Tyrol, at Kufstein, where it is lost in Bava-

ria: the other,—the valleys of the upper Adige, and the Rienz, running also east and west; the one—from Botzen to Glurns,—the other from Brixen to Prunecken; and which, although traversed by different rivers, running different ways, both merge in the great valley which runs north and south,—and may therefore be considered as one valley across the middle of the Tyrol, having Botzen for its centre. There are of course smaller valleys,—upland valleys, and basins; but the Tyrol consists but of three great valleys; almost all the rest of the country being mountains.

Naturally,—the Tyrol is divided into two parts; which have a boundary as distinct and defined, as any two kingdoms upon earth. The valley of the Inn has naturally nothing in common with the rest of the Tyrol; and is entirely shut out from all the southern parts by a long and lofty chain of mountains. It is evidently a territory by itself; about a hundred miles in length, and varying in breadth from three to eight miles, including the slopes of the mountains; and having Inspruck placed nearly in the

centre of it. From this valley, there is but one road to the southern Tyrol; and that road must pass mount Brenner, at an elevation of six thousand feet. When mount Brenner is passed, a new and distinct territory commences,—the great valley of the Eisach and the Adige, which has no natural connexion with the valley of the Inn, and might like it, be a distinct country.

But the natural and moral boundaries seem scarcely to go hand in hand: for the two lateral valleys, as well as that part of the great valley which lies above Botzen and ends at Sterzing, partake in the character, manners, and usages of the people who inhabit them, of the character, usages, and manners of the inhabitants of the valley of the Inn. But I have already said, that that part of the Tyrol, properly called the southern Tyrol, and which comprehends the valley of the Adige from Botzen to Roveredo, differs in almost everything, from the northern, or German Tyrol. Of these distinctions I shall have occasion to say more, when I descend mount Brenner on the south.

It was dusk before I left the elevation I had attained, to return to the village,—and almost as dark as it is at any time in the month of June, before I reached Brenner, where already all was hushed for the night,—all the doors were closed; the villagers were already in bed; and I had even to knock twice at the door of the inn before I was admitted. The old ladies however had not forgotten me; the cold fowl, and some pastry, were served up unbidden; and a cordial of anise-seed, to which I have a particular aversion, was pressed upon my acceptance. As for my bed, nothing could be cleaner, or more fragrant, for I might have supposed myself lying upon a bed of Thyme. The sheets too, were frilled,—and the pillow was of brocaded satin. Nor had the bodily comfort of the traveller been the only source of my hostess's care. A little vessel with holy water, was suspended on the wall; and above my head was an image of the Virgin. Such a day's journey as mine had been, deserved a sound sleep; and after a night's rest that a ploughman might have envied, I rose not

very long after the sun; paid a very cheap bill: and was soon clear of the little village of Brenner, and descending the southern side of the mountain.

Very soon after leaving Brenner, I reached the little lake I had seen the night before. This is the source of the Eisach; which, after being joined by the Rienz, unites itself with the Adige at Botzen, and traverses the whole of the lower Tyrol. Below Botzen, the united rivers take the name of "the Adige," which flows past Trent, and Roveredo; soon after, leaves the Tyrol, and continuing its course through Verona, falls into the Adriatic, near Venice. This river was to be my companion from mount Brenner all the way to Roveredo; and I found every reason to be pleased with the acquaintance.

Although the ascent from Inspruck to Brenner be full of interest to the lover of natural scenery, it will bear no comparison, either in the variety or the grandeur of the scenes which it offers, with the descent from Brenner to Brixen. To this valley, which is sometimes called the valley of

the Eisach, sometimes, the valley of Sterzing, the Swiss valley of the Rheus bears some resemblance. The Tyrolean valley is its equal, in the picturesque and the grand; as well as in the variety of its prospects,—and in one respect, greatly surpasses it. The descent of the valley of the Rheus, is much more gradual. The Rheus, from the Devil's-bridge, down to Altorf, is a rapid, —sometimes breaking into a cataract; the Eisach is a succession of cataracts,—almost indeed, one continued cataract; and in this respect, the Tyrolean valley has the advantage.

It was a beautifully clear morning when I left Brenner; but extremely chilly,—I saw several pools of water with a covering of ice, although it was the 19th of June, and the little lake had a thin crust round the edges. I knew from experience, that clear frosty mornings at this season, generally end in rain before mid-day,—and the easy descent aided my design of reaching Sterzing, where I purposed breakfasting, before the rain should begin. All the way to Sterzing, the Eisach is but a brook, foaming in its narrow

channel; it is not until it passes Sterzing, and descends from thence to Brixen, that the observations I have made above are applicable. I reached Sterzing to an early breakfast, and found a comfortable inn to receive me.

Sterzing is a small town, very romantically situated in a little open spot which the valley forms in this place: a castle upon a neighbouring height, overlooks the town; and the Eisach, joined here, by one or two tributary brooks, begins to assume an air of bustle and importance; and riots away towards Brixen. There is an excellent and curious contrivance at Sterzing, to prevent the heavy rain which often visits these parts, from deluging the pavement from the roofs of the houses. Water spouts are carried from the roof quite across to the middle of the street; these nearly meet in the centre, and form two rival cascades,—a double line of which, I had an opportunity of seeing while I sat at breakfast; my prediction of rain having already begun to be verified. The little town of Sterzing, although in a much milder climate than Brenner, is still

among the high regions; no Indian corn, and scarcely any grain had yet begun to appear: it seemed to be a town of mountain pastures; and no fruit trees were to be seen,—nor any vegetables excepting the most hardy.

Although the weather looked threatening, I resolved to go on; and if possible to reach Brixen; though I had little expectation of accomplishing the journey without being thoroughly drenched. After leaving Sterzing, the valley into which the ravine of the Eisach had widened, soon contracted into little more than the breadth of the stream and the road: the stream continued as much a cataract as before,—only more imposing, from its greater size,—and the scenery, although it had begun to loose a little of its grandeur, yet preserved all the features of the picturesque in its utmost extent; and now and then exhibited some signs of returning softness. By and bye,—the most prominent features of Alpine scenery, began to disappear; the trees were more varied in their kind, and were more lofty and more luxuriant; pasture was intermixed with

patches of corn on the little platforms by the road side; and the cottages became more frequent; but it was still mountain, though not Alpine scenery,—which conveys an idea of a higher elevation. The rocks were gigantic and precipitous; and the descent, almost as rapid, as it had been from the summit of the pass: and where an opening allowed more than the immediate banks to be seen, height rose above height; and mountain was piled on mountain. But I may now be said to have passed mount Brenner.

It is not out of place, and indeed, it is natural, to compare one mountain pass with another,—and after having for the first time crossed any celebrated mountain, one naturally calls to mind, the journeys which one may have made across other mountains, and the comparative interest with which such journeys have been attended.

I need scarcely say, that there are certain features common to all mountain passes; that there is sublimity in elevation; that mountain clefts are filled by rivulets, which swell as they descend; that plants of less or more interest attract

the eye,—that from certain heights, extensive prospects of the country below, are laid open; and that the phenomena of clouds, rain, and rainbows; and the effects of lights and shadows, are common to all great elevations. But notwithstanding these features of common resemblance, mountains and their passes widely differ in interest, and consequently, in the features by which nature has distinguished them. These differences, supposing the mountains to be equal in height, arise from the diversity in conformation, and the variety in their geological character. When we talk of one mountain pass being finer than another, we mean that the views it affords, are more sublime, or more picturesque: now that sublimity, and that picturesqueness are the result of their shape and surface, (to use common expressions.) I speak at present, of mountains, merely as they appear to the eye of a common observer,—not as they are contemplated by the geologist. Differences in shape produce the most striking differences in interest. A mountain full of clefts, affords finer views than a

mountain that is unbroken; because where there are clefts, there must be precipices, and profundity, and most usually, torrents and cataracts. A mountain that is peaked, is more striking than a mountain that is round, because peaks are usually formed by rocks; and rocks are fantastic in form, afford fine effects of light and shade, and if within the snowy region, exhibit the influences of the elements more strikingly than heights of an opposite character. Then, one mountain may be wooded, another, green, a third stony; all which diversities produce opposite effects on the eye, and consequently excite less or more interest in the mind: so that it is obvious, that notwithstanding the common features of resemblance among mountains and mountain passes, each has its distinct character; and by each, the mind is differently affected. Let me exemplify these general observations by a few particular examples.

I have never passed either mount Cenis, or the Simplon; I cannot therefore speak of them. The passes with which I am acquainted are, St.

Gothard; mount Albula; the pass by the sources of the Rhine; the Rhetian Alps; the Brenner; the limb of the Pic du Midi; the pass of the Pyrenees from Perpignan to Catalunia; that from Gavarnie by the Breche de Roland, to Arragon; some of the mountain passes of Norway; and the Spanish Sierras. Now, it may seem singular, that of these, the lowest passes should be the finest; yet so it is, in my estimation. Mount Albula, and the Breche de Roland, are certainly lower than St. Gothard, and yet, their features are more striking; and the truth is, that besides the causes I have already mentioned, arising from diversity in conformation and surface, the very lowness, is itself, the chief cause of superiority. Nor is this apparent paradox, difficult to explain: where a road traverses the summit of a mountain, there cannot be precipices above; and the mere fact, that a road is necessarily led over the highest part of a mountain, is itself a proof, that it is not indented by those deep valleys, clefts and ravines, which, did they exist, would permit the road to be con-

ducted across, at a lower elevation. Where a road traverses the summit of a mountain, the views may be extensive; but they must greatly yield in sublimity, to those which are presented where the road conducts the traveller through the heart of the mountain, among its deep recesses, its forests, and cataracts.

Looking back, and upward to mount Brenner, which I had just traversed, the different mountain passes I have enumerated, were successively recalled to my mind. I again contemplated the rocky grandeur, and desolation of mount Albula; the icy horrors of the Breche de Roland; the picturesque beauties of the Rhetian Alps; the wide pastures of the Pic du Midi, with its fields of purple Iris; the gloomy sublimity of the Pine-clad mountains of Scandinavia; the arid desert, and far up solitudes of the Sierra Morena; and the rich and varied carpet that overspread the passes of the western Pyrenees. Less sublime than some of these,—less beautiful than others, Brenner, which I had just passed, has its own peculiar charms; and although

I could not elevate its features into a comparison with the Breche de Roland, it held an equal place in my memory with the passes of Switzerland.

END OF VOL. I.

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